SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB™

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MARVEL

SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB™

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ALPHABET CITY
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LETTERS: Paul Tutrone

CALL OF THE WILD
STORY: Robbie Morrison
ART: Jim Mahfood
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BEHIND THE MUSTACHE
STORY: Zeb Wells
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'TWAS THE FIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
STORY/ART: Darwyn Cooke & Jay Bone
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THE SYSTEM
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...And once again, the Penny-Ante gang has struck.

This time using the marquee of the ironically titled Lincoln Theater--

PENNY FOR U THOUGHT

To preach their defamation manifesto of the American copper Penny.

OPEN

Eyewitnesses claim nothing was taken.

Only the phrase "penny for u thought" left behind.

More like a feeble attempt at grammar.

Hey Pinky, how 'bout the check?

Improper clause.

Overused colloquialisms.

SPECIAL
SHRIMP S
YESTERD
BEEFY T

Sure there, Missy, jus' gimme a sec.

Pretentious contractive syntax.

S'cuse me, any chance me gettin' change of a buck?

Any day now for the check, Pinky.

See ya round there, Pink-Man!

OPEN

Imbecilic butchers of verbal slop surround me.

PINKY'S

MENUS

As like before, the authorities are baffled...

Anuthha big-tippin' spendah!

WHEAT CHEX

Two tips actually, second being, learn to ***enunciate***. Muddiness is not merely a disturber of ***prose***, but also a destroyer of ***life*** and ***hope***.

Until next report, this is Anita Trick, keeping you up-to-date for WSAP nightly news.

5 NE

Damn movie ***sucked!*** There was no ***hiding tigers*** or ***crouched dragons!***

OPEN 24 HOURS

SUBWAY

Pardon ***me***, you ruffian beast.

THEATRE

CONAN THE MUSICAL

BZ

Ruffian? I'm in adjective hell.

Trapped in a world of total disregard for the poetry of language...

SUBWAY

JAP

...at least in *Hell* they probably use periodic sentences.

?!

Hey, what did li'l copper-Lincoln ever do to you guys?

Your Penny-Ant-E, sign-arrangin', message-writin' days R over.

Buzz off, pal! This don't concern you.

ENTER IN THE REAR

FOOM

Ah, but it *does*, you see...

...my *presence* has a point.

HELL TOUPE

BT

NOR

Yeah, like the one on your idiotic head.

OW!

P

!

More like the knot *presently* on yours!

SOB

SMOZ

PARKING IN REAR

SMOKE

BT!

Here's some smoke in your face, to put you back into space.

POOFUH!

Domo Arigato, mister in a *coma.*

Adverbial phrase required here.

Run run as fast as you can. I *can* catch you, 'cause I'm the type-wielding man. Heh.

BT

b

Who--?

I would be obliged to make your acquaintance, if I correctly diagnose you as the vigilante *TypeFace.*

Uh... yeah.

Fortultous be praised! It is an honor and a privilege to make your acquaintance!

Your unique ability to disarm criminals with ***letters*** precedes you...

...however, I must confess, it would benefit from ***syntactical assistance.***

That's one helluva mouthful.

What'd you escape from the Alphabit's Factory?

Entertaining. Humor bonds comrades in arms.

So, when do ***we*** start?

We don't!

I work ***solo,*** weirdo!

Could be taken as a rude adjective.

But ***entirely possible*** a reverse verb conundrum.

To do the opposite of action is to do nothing.

Therefore to reverse nothing, one must clearly ***act.***

The vernacular to threaten seems appropriate.

Or ***perhaps*** the direct informative approach is better.

TESS'S SURPLUS

ARROW

AMMO SALE

OPEN

CAFE

NO DUMPING

?

Proper heroes leave an indelible impression first time out.

Heroes of a more possessive proper noun directly address both thought and fear.

GLOVES

But it's too laborious and slow for my immediate situation.

I need something prompt as well as witty to draw the victim's attention--

All the while retaining a sense of adventurous, authoritative style.

An excellent name void of ***hyphens*** is better grasped.

Literal Lad?

No.

Phrase Phantom?

ISCREAM

DRESSING ROOM
Hmmm. Making a mental *note*, the pronoun "who" changes form as it functions as subject--
Or object.
Hey pal, you some type of teacher?
More like a teacher of type.
SHARK TEETH
How *ironically humorous.*
TURKEY JERKY
HAPPY MEAT
We, who are about to spell, salute you.
Up to now, the most exciting thing letters had was alphabet soup. But now is the time for a *literal upgrade--*
Now is the time for...

SpellCheck!

With great *power* there must also come-- great *vocabulary!*

Let verbiage *beware,* and those who seek to abuse it be *forewarned!*

We're two men down, so let's try to finish this, before the nutjob with the letters shows up again.

Who was that guy anyway?

Sesame Street Pete?

Fun-E.

Oh no...

ONE WAY

KRACKO!

Who the hell are you, man?

I'm your *worst* nightmare.

My worst nightmare has to do with a *butter knife*, a *shoe* and a pair of *pygmy rats*.

Then your *second* worst.

PENNY ANTE BRIGADE

And I am the *physical embodiment* of whiteout!

Similes and *personifications* are now my weapons.

With my help we can *delete* all the evil malapropists that plague our world.

For, I am the one they call *SpellCheck*!

They? What the hell, are you talkin' about?

Another time, perhaps.

Although now punctuated by an initialized check mark, I am still the possessive Ben you met earlier.

How could I forget?

Easily confused, since before I was meek, you might expect...

Hey!

He's gettin' away!

In a moment.

But *first*, may I emphasize that colloquialisms might seem like useful devices, but if improperly used, they are more distracting than illuminating.

Second, do not overstate. When you overstate an action, the subject of focus is instantly on guard.

And *third*, do not attempt to emphasize slang to those who select to be better versed. It accomplishes nothing but insult.

And let *me* "emphasize" that you've got *way too much* time on your idiotic hands.

But I am here to *assist* you by *correcting* your grammatical *mistakes*.

I don't make *mistakes*.

Why don't you go and find a menu to *proofread*, I've got a thug to wrangle.

Why can't I be huntin' the Green Goblin? Hell, I'd even take Razorback.

But *no*, I get radical Penny-Antes who think *Lincoln* was dissed by being *copperized*, while the *rest* of the white bread coinage *turned* their silver *backs*.

BLT

Hmmm, come to think of it, I wonder if there's any *truth* to that?

Hey, I know you. You're Captain A--

--Who you callin' *Captain*, kid?

I gets your comics all the time.

TRAIN

You're da one who has a *big "A"* on his face.

Gotta go now.

That was Captain A-Face, Mommy.

DIGSTOWN

Lovely, now I'm A-Face.

SOUTH

WANTED

S O B

COFFEE MONTO

Looky, Mommy, it's Spidey-Man.

BBT

OOF!

I don't think *that's* Spidey-Man, Honey.

THUDD!

For *they* shall inherit the earth...

Hmmph! Not to be confused with an amateur, a charming effect would be easily found in vague apologetic solace.

Hence, I meant to do that.

You're a *freakin' wacko*, you know that?

I am no wacko.

I am Spell--

Check.

And *you* are Type--

Face.

...get it?

Do I ever.

NO. 179

Tell ya what, I'll be on my merry TypeFacin' way, while you...

Spell check this!

UTOTEM

SHAZOOM!

How the might-*E* have fallen.

Now, if you don't mind, *I* have a job to finish.

Take a note.

Delete the excess of your overblown sickly-sweet phrases, you'll do better to remember.

T

E

A

Wait!

That was an outstanding adverbial phrase.

N

Hey loser, you're supposed to be *in* the train, not on top of the train.

Why won't you just leave me alone?

Perhaps...

S

O

B

...but before I do *that*, let me give you...

THIS--

You let him escape! What the heck do you think you're doing?

Observe.

Presently, most words are unanimously spelled correctly.

B-O-K-B is *not* one of them.

It was supposed to be *B-O-M-B*, you moron.

But due to your annoying interference, my haste made...

A *mistake*, pray tell?

You see, confusion and ambiguity occur when words are badly spelt.

But the fact is, those errors result in much worse an outcome in your case.

TONK!

E

The correspondence of my assistance, though honest, seems to be somewhat ***abused*** here.

Am I clear to think you might ***not*** want me as an adverbial ***ally?***

How's ***this*** for an answer?

Maybe you had a *point* there, Spell-Boy.

Words *can* be fun!

Alphabet soup a-la-mode-M.

Playtime's over and I've got a *train* to catch.

After all...

"...punctuation waits for *no* man."

MONKEYS ON DOGS BACK

NOW SHOW

THE DEAD WALK

I'm getting a bad feeling about this.

Oh no, is that...

...type?

1-2 3-4

BOARDING TRAINS 1-2 3-4 5-6

DO NOT ENTER

STOP

EASTBOUND

WESTBOUND

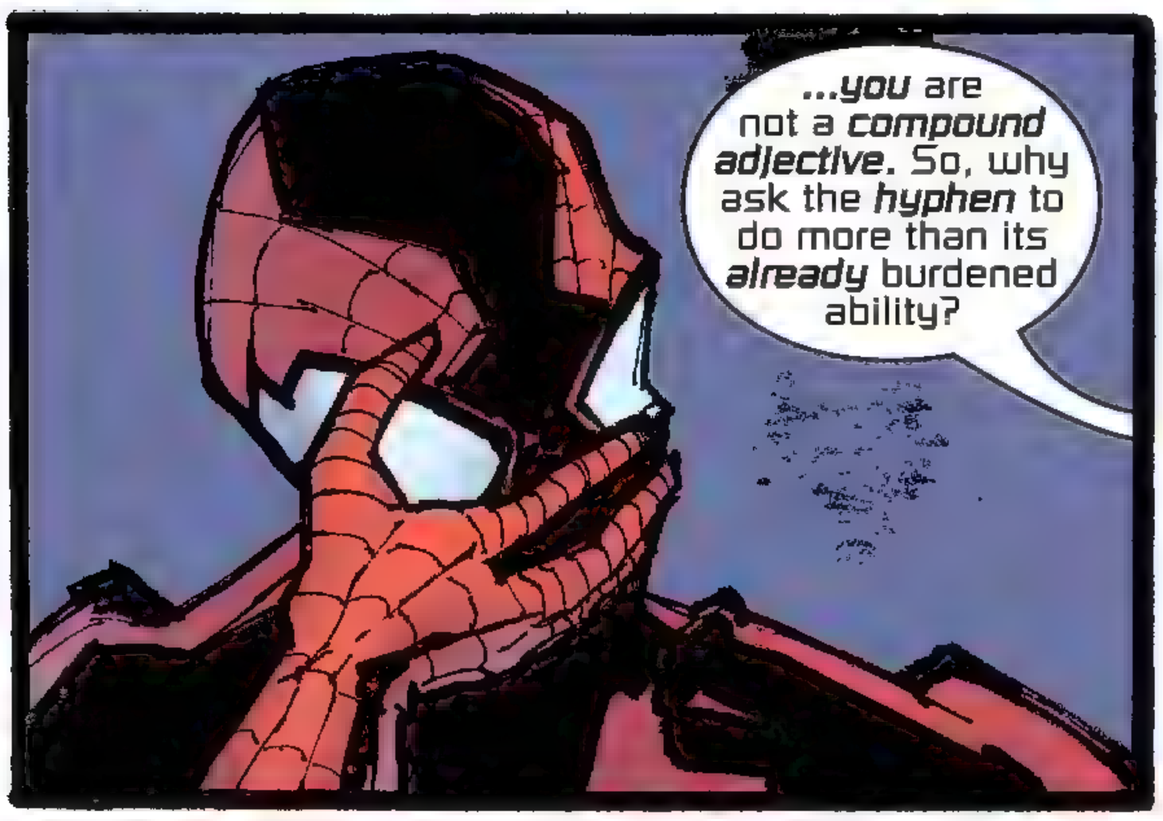
Well, howdee-do, surprises galore! I was totally expecting *TypeFace* at the end of this letter-littered trail. But instead I find...

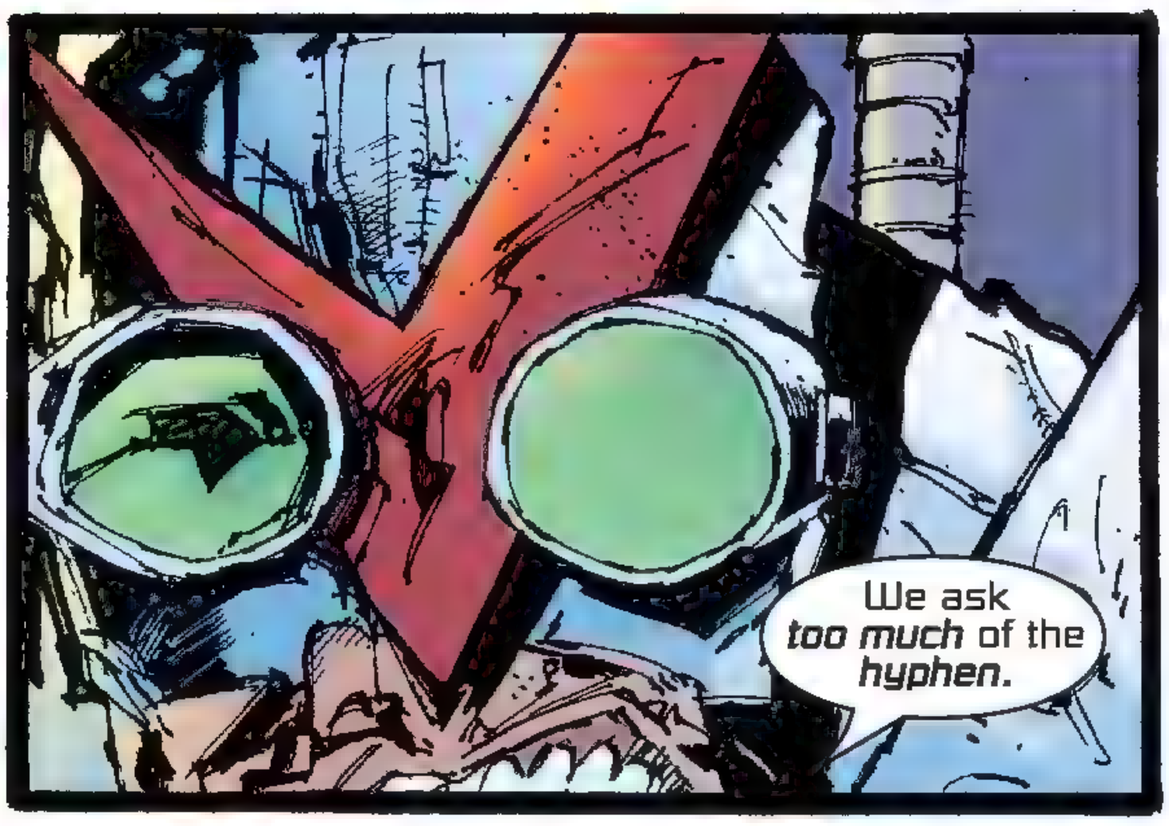
Hey, who the heck are *you*, anyway?

And what the heck is *this*?

PLEASE LOCK THIS LUNATIC UP PRONTO! COMPLIMENTS OF YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD TYPEFACE

Can you believe TypeFace's *haphazardly* and *unacceptably* arranged words?
Speaking of which, Spider-Man...


...*you* are not a *compound adjective*. So, why ask the *hyphen* to do more than its *already* burdened ability?


We ask *too much* of the *hyphen*.

ALPHABET CITY
TED McKEEVER/writer-artist
STEVE BUCCELLATO/colors
PAUL TUTRONE/letters
JOHN MIESEGAES/editor
AXEL ALONSO/supervising editor
JOE QUESADA/chief
BILL JEMAS/president

END

I play it cool, clever.

I don't say I like 'em big and blonde and busty, with luscious red lips and itsy-bitsy skirts that wouldn't even make me a handkerchief.

HUGGABLE BEAR SEEKS WELL-BUILT PICNIC PARTNER TO SHARE POT OF HONEY AT END OF RAINBOW.

MUST BE ANIMAL-LOVER.

HUGGABLE BEAR SEEKS WELL-BUILT PICNIC PARTNER TO SHARE POT OF HONEY AT END OF RAINBOW.

MUST BE ANIMAL-LOVER.

I keep it all nice and sweet. P.C.

ONLINE DATING SERVICE WWW.FV

I ♥ NY

JAVA

That's Politically Correct to the uninitiated.

Y'see, I got myself a little education during my last stretch in the joint.

JOHN MIESEGAES FANCLUB

JOANNA J. WAS HERE

FREE LATTE with 56 HOURS of Internet use!!

SPOKEN WORD on FRIDAY it sucks.

BAGELS

CREEK!

These days, I really am smarter than the average bear.

EXIT

I gotta admit, it felt good slipping back into the old costume, even it was a bit worse for wear and stank of cheap booze and cigarettes.

PRISON 138

The guards had been borrowing it for parties and stuff.

Some folks got no respect. Just 'cause a guy's locked up...

This time, I took all the rehabilitation courses going, even came first in Anger-Management.

KITCHEN STUFF

dust! dust!

The parole officer set me up with a nice little apartment, albeit in a nasty part of town.

The first welfare check arrived this morning.

Time to pick up some real clothes, get out there, and contribute to society the way only someone with my untapped potential can.

All I gotta do is live the quiet life...

KLANG! K-TANG!

What dumb-ass punk left this in the middle of the--

Whoa! Whoa! Keep the noise down, will--

bendis is A

--you?!

...and steer clear of other known felons.

CALL JENN FOR A G

idio boy LIVES, here

CALL OF THE

...writer
...artist
STEVE BUCCELLATO...colors
PAUL TUTTONE...letters
...assistant editor
...editor
...editor in chief
...president

Rhino?

Grizzly?

We was just talkin' about you down in the V-bar, figured you was doing a little extra *hibernating* courtesy of the feds...

But, *hey, hey, hey,* you're my *new* neighbor! Ain't that a *kick* in the head?

Yeah. Ain't it just.

Everyone else in this dump runs a *mile* soon as I poke my horn out the door, but you and me, we're gonna have ourselves a *riot.*

How about a little *housewarming* party?

Uh-uh, my rioting days are over. I'm *going straight,* making myself respectable, civilized.

So keep the *hell* outta my way, and I'll keep outta yours.

I was only being *friendly...*

Yeah? Well *'friendly'* can get my *parole violated* and my *hairy ass* hurled back in the *slammer.*

Let's just make like we *don't know* each other. And try to be a little more inconspicuous, *huh?*

Incon-spicuous, right.

Don't worry; I'll be as quiet as a *mouse.* You won't even *know* I'm here.

CLATTER!

@*!?@ trashcan...

K-TANG! KLANG!

Locked.

Damn.

SHAKe! SHAKe! RATTLe!

Repairing the door'll eat up most of my welfare check.

Bang goes the new threads.

LONELY SINGLE GUY

SUPER VILLIAN WEEKLY

No new messages

NEW!
JUICY LUCY'S
24 HRS.
OPEN
Hey, *huggy bear*, long time no see.
Ain't you *hot* in there? You should get yourself *shaved* for summer.
Can't find that *special someone* to do my back, *Luce*, seeing as you keep turning me down.
Gimme a *T-bone* with all the trimmings. Feels like I haven't eaten right in years.
MENU
Sorry, sugar.
Your *buddy* down there just ordered up *all* the steaks in the freezer.
12
What, *uh...*
What else have you got?
Prawn cocktail.
Mmmmm.
Manage your anger. Manage your anger.

LABOR WANTED! Demolition Experience Essential

There's an *exo-skeleton* that gives me the strength of *twelve men* under this suit. Hire me, and I'll do the work of half your crew.

You're wasting your breath, buddy. I told you, we filled the last position this morning. Guy's *perfect* for the job.

TNT

ANGER

Hey, you need a *hard-hat* if you're coming through here!

Yeah, yeah, yeah. And you need a *bigger* pair of *pants* to stop your *butt* playing *peek-a-boo...*

Whoa...

I knock things down. That's what I *do.* That's what I *am.* That's what you *hired* me for.

Did they leave a *big* scar when they took out your *brain?*

You knocked down the wrong building! That one was scheduled for *renovation,* not *demolition!* Get *outta* here! *You're fired!*

Manage your anger. Manage your anger.

NO NEW MESSAGES

HELPING HAND FERTILIZATION CLINIC

With temperatures set to rise further, it looks like there's not going to be any let-up for those of you who are *already* feeling a little *hot* under the collar!

No *magazines* for me, sister.

I got the *horn* *permanently.*

Listen, *uh,* I've been meaning to ask...

Seeing as how I'm a *regular,* and knowing how difficult it is to *perform* with this hide of mine, is there any way we could maybe *raise* the donating fee--

GIRLS!!

YOUR BOYS

What're *you* doing here!?

Looking to become the world's *first pregnant man.*

What d'you *think* I'm doing here?

don't be greedy.

give to the needy.

well-adjusted donors ONLY.

Even if I was the most intellectual man in the world, the only words I could think up to describe this situation would be four-letter ones.

That ain't too *far-fetched*, y'know. They can do that kinda stuff these days. Make *men* pregnant.

Is that a fact? Somebody *read it to you* in a magazine?

Mr. Rhino? Your cubicle's ready for you now, sir.

Mr. Grizzly? I'm sorry, but we've been extremely busy today. Would you mind using the same cubicle as Mr. Rhino? *After* he's finished, of course.

Put your feet up, Yogi. This might take a while.

Some *magazines*, sir...?

Manage your anger. Manage your anger.

BAR

What're you up to?

You've been staring at that glass for the last half-hour.

Concentrating. I'm trying to develop a *super-power*, the ability to brew *beer* outta clean air, and *refill* my glass.

Is it working?

Nah. All the *strainin'* just makes me need to go to the *john*.

RESA

Only five squares left.

45

GRAB!

Hey!

I know this is a villains' bar, but what kinda *lowlife* steals another guy's--

Whoa! Whoa! Gimme that back, *dammit!*

You!?

daily bugle

Grizzly? What the...?

What are you? Some kind of *stalker* or something?

Me!?

SOM!

GGGRRRAAAAAHHH!

Something tells me I just flunked the practical part of anger-management...

It's bad enough when *ordinary* folks give you the brush-off, but someone in a *worse* get-up than you...?

I tried being *neighborly*, but now...

I'm gonna knock your hairy butt all the way to Timbuctoo!

Guess it's *true* what they say...

It *is* a *jungle* down there.

I spend so much time hanging about this place that pretty soon they'll be calling me *your friendly neighborhood barfly.*

If I don't watch out, *J. Jonah Jameson'll* start claiming that I've got an alcohol problem on top of everything else.

Hell's bells, this is all I need...

Uh-uh, *Fozzie...*

This is what you need!

?

Just keep lookin' the other way, wall-crawler...

A sneak attack, Rhino?

Gimme a break.

Even on *tiptoe,* you sound like *the Hulk* doing the *can-can.*

Back when I worked the pro wrestling circuit, I got the reputation for never going down, no matter how hard I got hit.

WOOAARRGH!

Sure wish I could shake the habit...

FFDDMMMPH!

Ouch.

Y'know, some guys you just can't help feeling *sorry* for.

I mean, what *age* are you two? *Forty plus?* And you're still rolling about the street like a couple of *schoolkids?*

Get a *life*, or I'm going to track down a *super-powered taxidermist* and turn you both into *hatstands*.

Better still, use your *animal magnetism* and go get yourselves a *girl*.

You could do it over the *internet*. Just don't send them your *prison mugshots*...

Internet dating.

You'd have to be *pretty sad* to try that, huh?

Yeah...

Real sad...

22

You remember how long it takes for his webbing to *dissolve?*

Eight, nine hours.

It's gonna be a *long* night.

Ever feel as if the world's passing you by and ain't gonna stop no matter *how much* you wave at it?

Yeah. One time, you only had to put on a costume, bust up a bank and you didn't have to work again for *six* months.

Nowadays, they just *don't* take you *seriously*. What do they want us to do? Use a *gun?*

Don't see any of them rushing to help...

Well, they are the *bad guys.*

Don't let 'em see it's buggin' you. You gotta take these setbacks with *dignity.*

Easy for *you* to say, you're not the one who's gonna land on his *head* once the webbing dissolves.

Don't worry, man, I'll *catch* you.

Rhino?

You still up for that *house-warming?*

Honey's my favorite snack, especially when it's drizzled all over my body, waiting to be licked off.
- Honey Bunch

Hey man, what're you up to? Auditioning for *'Bear On A Hot Tin Roof'?*

Nah, I met a *girl*. Well, *kinda.*

Yeah? Ain't that a *kick* in the *head?* So did I.

A real *sweetheart*, too. And *well-built*, if you know what I mean.

We ain't got it on yet, but I been makin' the moves and I can tell she's *real* interested.

Where'd you meet?

Uh... around. Just around.

So how come you're so *down?* The lady givin' you the *brush-off?*

Uh-uh. Far from it, she's pretty *forward.* I'm just *outta practice*, and I wasn't no *Tony Stark* to begin with...

What-- a *hunky* guy like you, *ex-athlete?* You must've been *fightin'* 'em off.

Well, my ring days were before *W.W.F.* and all the *glitzy* stuff, but there were a *few...*

Turned on by my trademark *grizzly roar* when I won a bout.

None of 'em were exactly *lookers*, though. In fact, I *threw* a few fights to avoid *second dates.*

Yeah, but you were *the man!* They *wanted* you! And they *still* want you!

One thing I learned lately...

Don't try to be something you're *not.* Just be *yourself.*

And don't try to hit her with any of that *sensitive, intelligent, nice guy* stuff you *think* she wants to hear.

You're a *badass supervillain.* The ladies *love* that. They *dig* the *danger.*

Hell, I better keep *my girl* outta your way, or you'll sweep her off her feet too.

Go on. Lemme *hear* it.

Hear what?

That old *grizzly roar.*

Nudge!

GGGRRRAAAAAA-AAAKK-KAFF

-KAFF- KAFF- KAFF!

Better *lay off* the roar.

Cough like *that* on the night and she might think you ain't got the *stamina.*

I try to play it cool, clever...

...but my heart's beating like the drums in a **Tarzan** movie, and my mind races with every new message, filling up with images of what '**Honey Bunch**' might look like.

Dip me in *honey* and *eat* me *alive*.

I love *hairy* men.

Mr. Grizzly, I've got an *itch* that only *your claws* can *scratch*.

A lot of what we say is pretty **hot, x-rated**. I'll spare you the details, 'cause I ain't the type to **kiss-and-tell**.

HONEY BUNCH: DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST LEATHER? BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO WEAR...

HUGGY BEAR: NOPE, BUT I CAN THINK OF A COUPLE OF THINGS I'D LIKE TO HAVE AGAINST IT.

Pretty soon, I figure she's my kinda gal. Just as I'm about to bite the bullet and ask for a **date**...

HONEY BUNCH: HOW ABOUT THE BRONX ZOO, TOMORROW AT 3.00? I'LL BRING THE HONEY...

HUGGY BEAR: AND I'LL BRING THE TONGUE...

iHac
THE COMPUTER FOR LONELY PEOPLE.

SINGLES Guide

AVE A NICE dAY.

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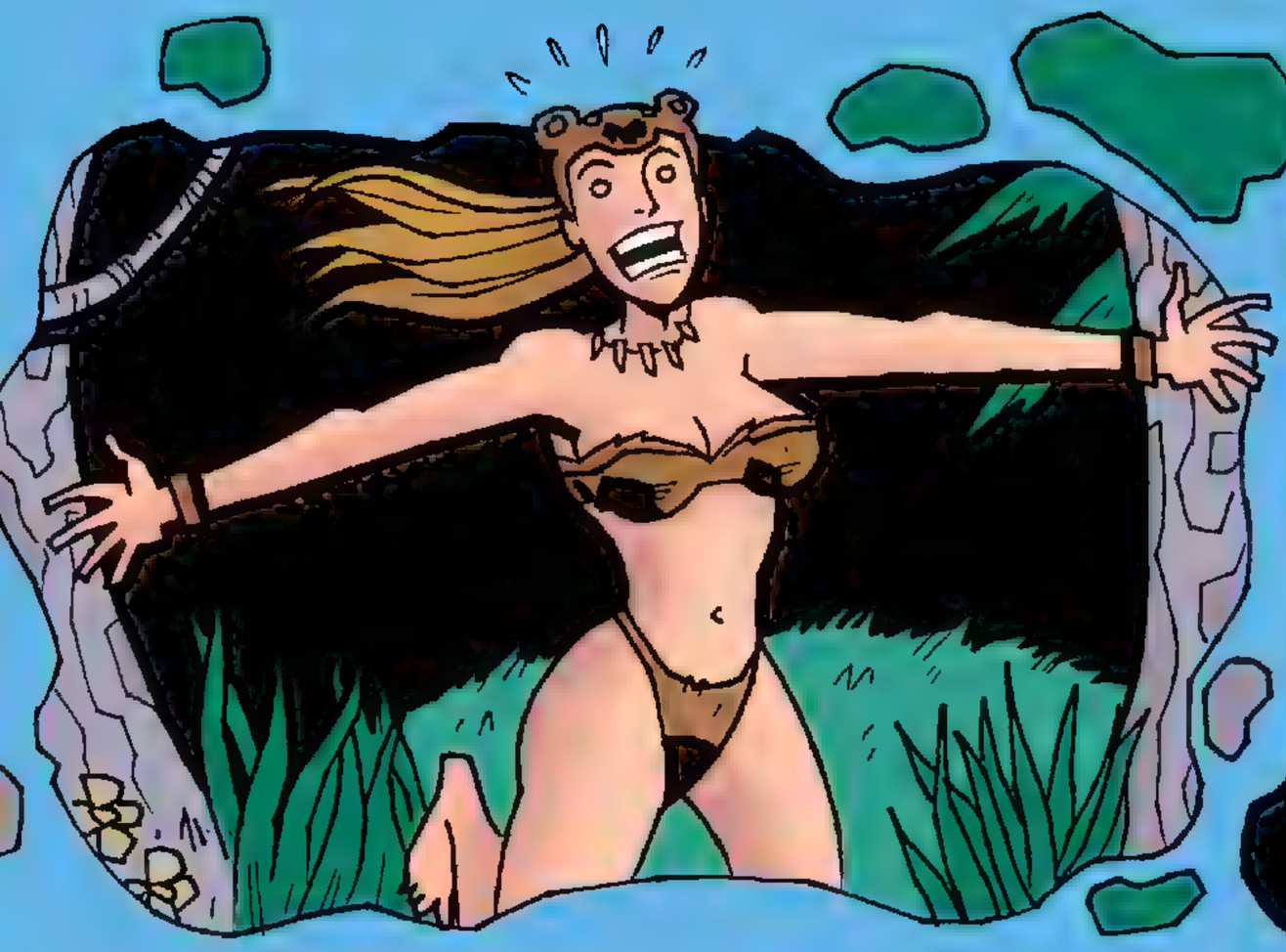
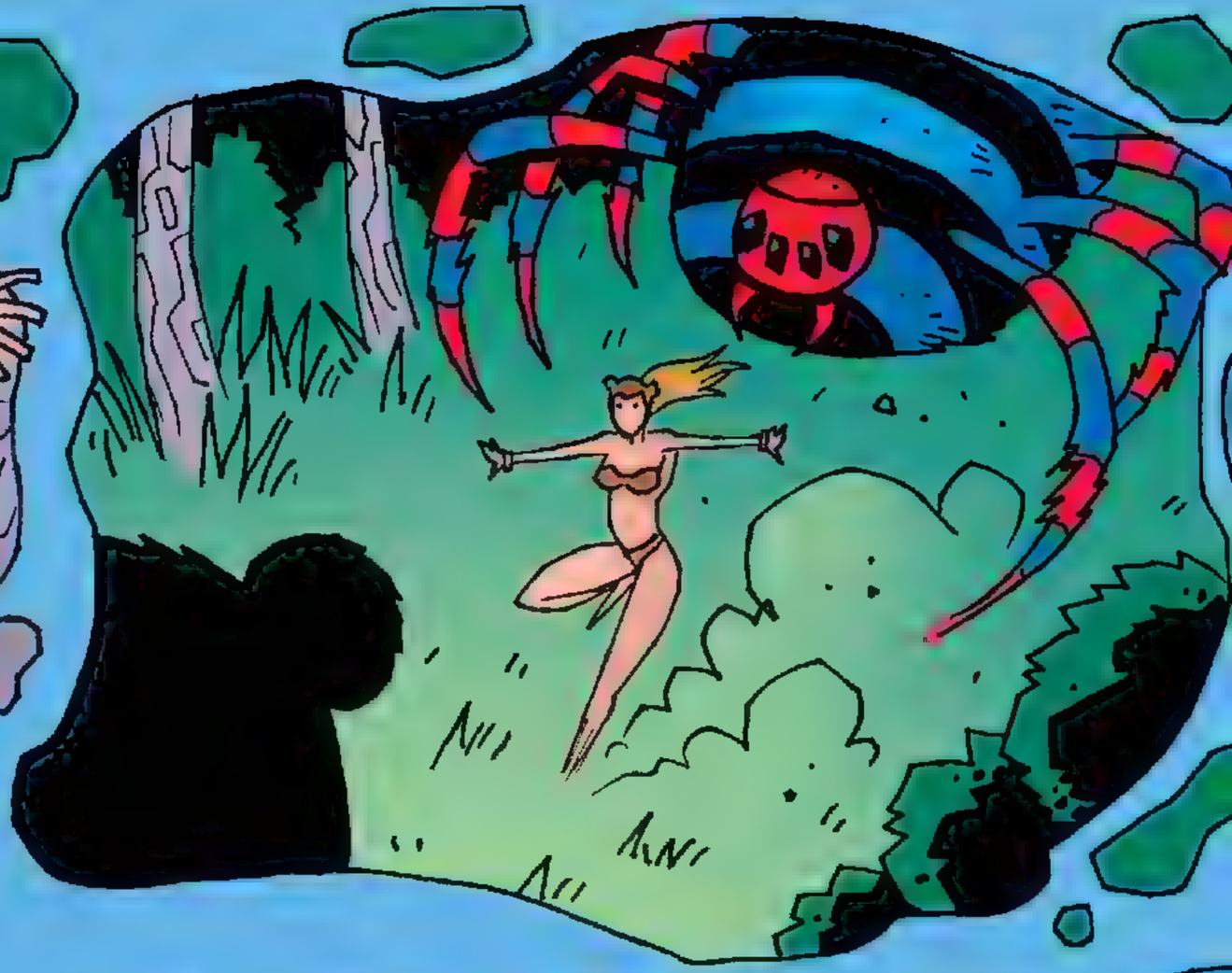
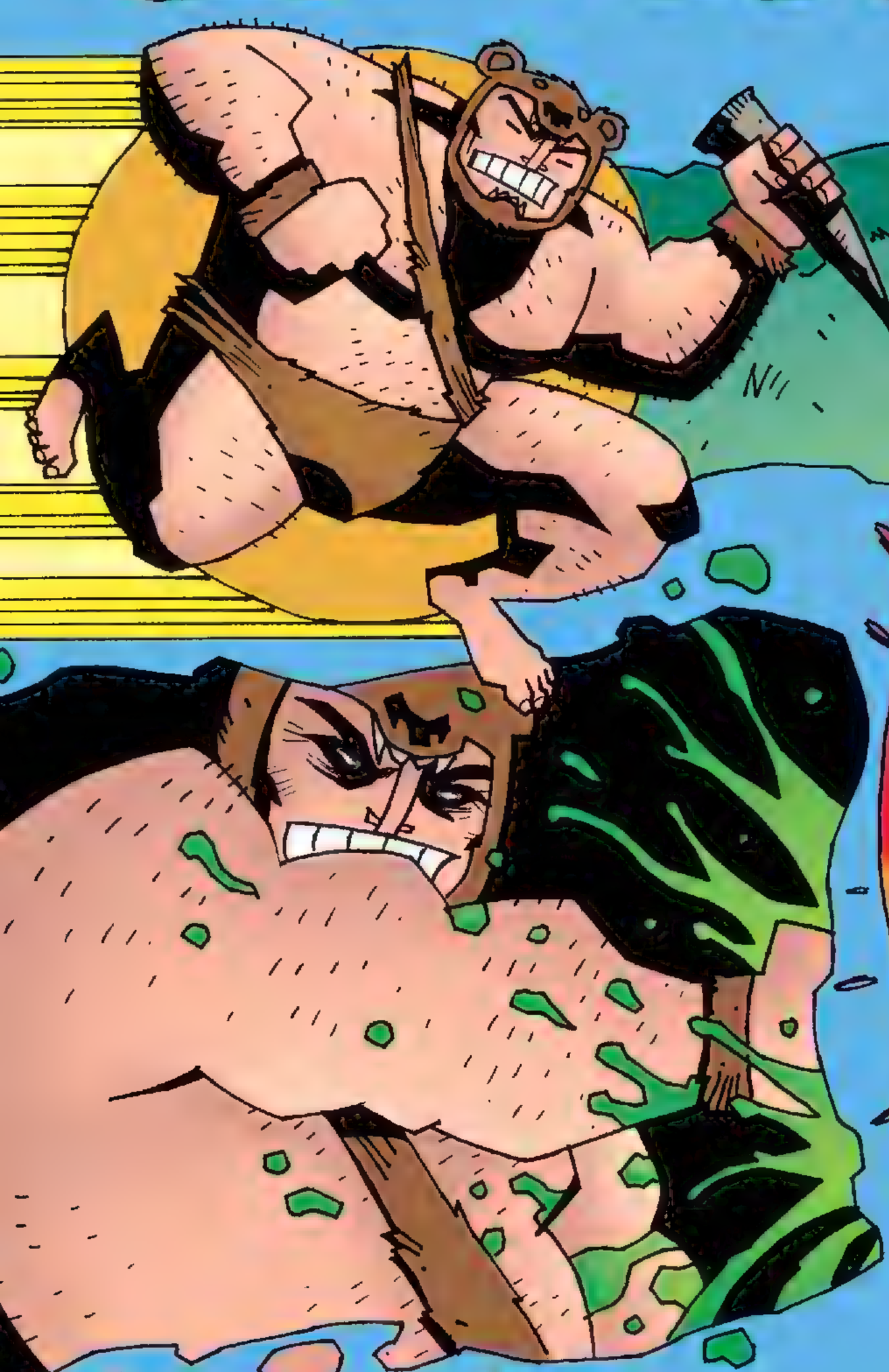






SE

MAP

WELCOME TO THE NEW YORK CITY ZOO

5

BALLOON GUY

Geez, I thought sticking my tongue out would be a cute way of making an introduction and breaking the ice.

If I don't watch out, it'll be the kinda cute that violates my parole...

Wait! Please, I didn't mean anything! I thought you were someone else...

YIKES!

Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh.

Ben Grimm's baby sister is heading straight this way, giving me a big come-and-get-me smile. Stay cool. Don't panic, don't--

Panic!

Well, whaddya know? Maybe lady luck's on my side after all...

See? I told you one of them had *escaped!*

ZOO

Don't worry, ma'am. One of *these babies* can put down an *elephant...*

POW

YEEOOWW!

Then again...

Sigh...

Just some *clown* in a suit. Maybe he was *advertising* something...

Like what? *Stupidity?*

ZOO

HONEY

YUM!

24 HOUR CYBER CAFE

EW

"+He VANdALS

I don't try to be cool or clever.

COFFEE TALK

POETRY SLAM FOR

I don't hit her with any of the sensitive, intelligent, nice guy stuff Rhino was harping on about.

I'M THE SADDEST, SORRIEST GUY ON THE PLANET, BUT GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE. PRETTY PLEASE.

I grovel much more than that. Desperation sure is a humbling experience.

She's ten minutes late. Probably just stringing me along by agreeing to another date, getting herself some decent payback.

HONEY

HONE

Like I said, my kinda girl.

HONEY

Playful, just like me.

If you go down to the woods today...

SMOOCH!!

...you're sure of a big surprise.

Yeugh!

What *is* it with you? First you try to *kill* me, then you try to *kiss* me!

Okay! Okay! Take it *easy!* I thought you were--

No! Life couldn't be *that* cruel, could it?

PFFFH!!

'Honey's my favorite snack...'

Actually, I hate it, but I ain't the one who's gonna be eatin'--

Wait a minute... how did *you...?*

Hi, Honey Bunch.

No... you...?

You... you...

You stood me up.

Thought you said *internet dating* was *sad.*

Not as sad as going down to *the sperm bank* for your only *recreation.*

Sigh.

You still *going straight?*

Yeah.

Straight back to *crime.* Real life's *way* too hard to handle.

HONEY

THROW!

Wanna stop off for a *bite* on the way back?

Depends.

How *hard* do you bite?

Sorry.

That *wasn't* funny, all things considered.

THE END

BRING YOUR WHAT TO WORK DAY!?!

Your *child*, Mr. Jameson. "Bring your child to work" day.

It... it lets your children see what you *do* when you're not at home...

Hmph! You write pompous film reviews. Not something I'd parade in front of *my child*, Benerstein. I want your copy for the weekend edition by *lunch!*

But I was going to show--

Ms. Brant!

Lunch!!

I'm right *here*, sir.

My *eyes sting*, Daddy.

I know, son.

I *know.*

Robbie's having a tough time coming up with a headline for the front page.

Do you think you'd like to fix spelling boo-boos like Mommy one day?

Way to *reach* for the *stars*, Eileen.

And what was *wrong* with my Spider-Man headline?!

Well, Robbie thought it was a little *sensational* for the front page...

Sensational?! That's what the front page--

That man can be as stubborn as an ox! An *ox!* If I say the headline is *"Webbed Menace Eats Elderly,"* then by damn it's--

Johnson!! I'm not paying you by the *pound!* Put down those donuts and get back to work!

Run, Timmy.

Ms. Brant!

Right behind you, Mr. Jameson.

Good! I'm tired of people forgetting who the *publisher* of this paper is! If *I* say we go with a *Spider-Man story*, we *go* with it!

See, Tyler. Smoking isn't cool, it's *scary*. Okay?

It's just that you've been working so hard, and the story hasn't been researched...

Ms. Brant, I'm working so hard because Spider-Man is slowly convincing the entire world that he is some kind of...

Whose *monkey* is this!?!

Honey, let's say hi to Mommy's new boss! Say hello to Mr. Jameson.

Hi, Mr. Jameson... *Why* do you hate Spider-Man so much?

Here we go.

What kind of sick hippie lets their kid prance around dressed like a *criminal!?* I should have you locked up, you beatnik!

Spider-Man is... he's...

Who the...?

WHY?

What?! Your *dealer!?*

For your information, Spider-Man saved Channie's father from a *mugger* not two weeks ago!

Sounds like a *drug deal gone bad* to me! The wall-crawler was probably just trying to *score* himself!

Mr. Jameson, you're not making any *sense.*

You're *mean!* Spider-Man never yells at people! He'd kick your butt!

Poppycock! Spider-Man is a *fraud!* A *liar!* Spider-Man is--

--urm--

--urk.

Jonah!?!

"So, it would be safe to assume you owe your current situation to the animosity you feel towards this *'Spider-Man'...?"*

Wow, you really *are* a doctor.

STAN LEE PRESENTS
SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB
FEATURING J. JONAH JAMESON IN...

BEHIND THE MUSTACHE

ZEB WELLS WRITER
DEAN HASPIEL ARTIST
STEVE BUCCELLATO COLORIST
PAUL TUTRONE LETTERER
JOHN MIESEGAES ASST EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT

Um... yes.

Mr. Jameson, let's look at the *positives*. The fact that you are seeking help proves you've already taken the first step towards recovery...

...and can I have my *seat* back?

"Seeking help"?! Don't flatter yourself, college boy...

"...the only reason I'm here is because some namby-pamby numbskull twisted my arm..."

Two weeks ago.

I need *what!?*

Psychiatric help, Mr. Jameson. Since you flat out *refuse* to quit smoking, I'll have to insist that you work through your anger issues.

Robbie, you keep this quack *away* from me. I'm not going to some shrink over a little *heartburn.*

Attack. Jonah, you had a *heart attack.* Your *second,* remember?

What does *that* have to do with anything, Robertson!?

A *lot.* The Bugle's insurance company is threatening to *cancel* if you don't at least try to cut down on your risk.

Insurance company, eh?

C'mon, Jonah, there's no *back* to that thing.

Shhhh! I feel an *exposé* coming on.

Seriously, I'm gonna need the eyewash.

Let me make this *simple* for you, Mr. Jameson:

Either you get some *help* for your anger or you *pay this by yourself.*

$$$$$

...so why don't you tell me I'm sexually repressed or something and I'll get *out* of here.

I wish it were that *simple,* Mr. Jameson-- more so by the second, I assure you. But these writings of yours suggest a *borderline psychotic* hatred of this "Spider-Man."

My *editorials!?!?*

Call them what you will, Mr. Jameson, if a high school student wrote these about a peer they'd call the S.W.A.T. team.

Wow, Professor! You're *right.* It's *me* that's got the problem. Why, I'm going to find the next egomaniac claiming to be a "hero" and give 'im a big hug!

Now let's not get--

No-- especially if he hides his face and goes around... *excreting...* "webbing" on people.

Mr. Jameson--

--the brighter the tights the better, doc, it's a whole new world for me!

Can I *go* now?

Interesting. Would you say you've *always* had a prejudice against this "Spider-Man" because of his *chosen profession?*

Profession! How can *"hero"* be a profession? They want us to think they're so noble every second of their life? *Poppycock!*

Poppy-cock?

No one's a hero every day of the week, doc. I grew up with a *war hero* for a *father.* Let me tell you, even the real heroes can't keep it up all the time...

Damn it-- what *are* these things anyway?! You think these are fun?

They relax most people.

Most people are idiots!

Should we pause and appreciate the irony of insulting people's intelligence while being outfoxed by five metal balls?

You misused "irony," college boy.

Mr. Jameson, why don't you turn around so I can be sure you're not making faces at me.

Since you're a little guarded, we need to *ease* into your history. Completing these sentences will guide us on a beautiful and personal journey.

Are you reading that off a piece of paper?

Ahem Number one: my *greatest fear* is...

Male pattern baldness.

I'm *most thankful* for...

Having a wife.

Um... when I *lose control*, I'm afraid I'll...

Wake up wearing that tie.

Son of a--!

Okay, that *just* about does it...

Well, *that* was easy. If you could just call the insurance company and tell them I'm *a-okay*, you'll never have to see me again.

Oh I'm not *done* with you, Mr. Jameson. Just changing tactics.

W-what *is* that thing?

The latest in *hypno-therapy*, Mr. Jameson. We're going to make some progress today, or so help me I'll commit you myself.

You *can't* just commit me!

I *could* -- until your family or coworkers vouch for your sanity. It would be at least *twenty-four hours.*

Uh... yeah. At the most.

So how does this thing *work?*

Just concentrate on the lights and the soothing sounds, Mr. Jameson.

You think you can flash some pretty lights and I'll start crying about my first teddy bear?

If I can fight the temptation to make you act like a *chicken.*

Now *focus* on your *father,* Mr. Jameson.

What is your first, strongest *memory* of your father?

Your father, Mr. Jameson...

your *father...*

What are *you* lookin' at boy?

It ain't a *free ride*, I'll tell you *that!* We Jamesons don't get *anything* without *fighting*, you understand? Without a little *pain!*

Look at you! If you had any idea how much pain your old man went through to bring back all those *shiny medals* you play with...

You ever had an M79 round land square in your buddy's chest, because some knucklehead was too afraid to look where he was shootin'?

Well let me tell you, it don't feel good.

David, let's let Jonah get to bed...

Quiet, Betty. I didn't go to war so you could raise me a little girl. We're gonna see what our boy is made of...

Now let's slam this door and yank that tooth out of your head.

Mmmh mmmh.

A coward! You wanna know what a coward is worth, boy?

Honey, that's not fair...

Not fair! You think life's gonna treat him *"fair"?*

Stop yelling, David!

Oh I'm done yelling around here!

Don't...

Don't you *touch* me!

C'mere!

David, *stop it!*

SLAM!!

"And this would be the *first time* you stood up to your father?"

That's *right*, doc.

And how did he *take* that?

Great...

"...at first."

Well, break out a *cigar*, the kid *did* it!

David, you're not giving him one of those nasty things!

Can it, Betty. We're looking at a *real man* now!

David, he's just a *child*...

This is the last time I'm gonna tell you not to make a fuss when I'm bonding with the boy, *got* it?

Now let's see the damage, big shooter... wait a minute.

You cut that out *right now*, you little...

"So I took a beating until I could stop crying. Never quite understood the logic there..."

...but heck, I guess that's why adults don't cry! *Right*, doc?

Oh... well, I wouldn't know, actually. My parents believed in "quiet time," they said crying was a natural and beautiful show of emotion.

...riiight.

Well let me tell *you*, I learned real quick to keep my feelings to myself...

"...when I was around the *old man*, at least."

C'mon, Jameson, *figure it out!* What would your daddy say if he saw this sad fire of yours?

Oh... uh... wow. Maybe we should get some water on that thing. What'd you use for fuel there?

Is that *my* backpack?

GAS

Fake 'im, Jameson! You're not getting one jab through! You better change *something* 'cause this ain't workin'! And *I* thought you were *Dave Jameson's boy!*

"Mr. Jameson..."

Oooh! Watch it -- mmmm -- you accidently got me there, Jonah. Pretty good, too! Damn. Try to be more careful.

Are you *okay*, Mr. Bimsby?

"Mr. Jameson?"

Wa---what?

I'm sorry, Mr. Jameson. You were giggling.

It was... disturbing.

Sorry, doc, I could shoot some tears if it'd make you more comfortable.

Ahem. So you feel that your father's reputation set an impossible and false standard for you to live up to?

If that's your way of saying I was surrounded by idiots, then I guess so.

Did this lead to a *disconnect* with your peers?

"Sure. *All* the time."

Welcome to the photo club, Jonah! They call me Tripod, because...

He's here because he tore Ms. Harper's pencil sharpener out of the wall, Steve. Leave him alone.

Hey "Tripod," got any naked pictures of your mom?

Heh. 'Cause *I* do.

Heh heh.

Say cheese, Jameson!

Excuse me, Mr. Jameson, I think I can relate to you here. I too was bullied in high school, and I too just bottled everything up. The hurt from these years can be--

Bottled everything up? What are you, *crazy?*

AH--

WHAM

HOLY--

GAAH!

HURK!

Sweet mother of--

GARRR!

Wow!

My hero.

Interesting. Positive reinforcement of violent behavior is one of the--

Fine, Mr. Jameson. If this topic makes you uncomfortable, maybe we should move forward. Let's talk about the *relationship* between *you* and your *own son*.

Right, well he's kind of concentrating on his *recovery*...

Hey, doc? Let's *move on*, alright?

Hell, I'm not running a clinic on how to *pick up chicks* here.

Hmmm. Recovery from *what?* Alcohol, drugs..?

Lycanthropy.

Uh... I don't think... I'm not *qualified*...

Ahh, yeah. Maybe I'll just talk about *Joan* some more...

"... now I can't say I was crazy about Joan from the beginning. I'm not really one for that lovey dovey crap. But the girl just couldn't leave me alone."

Come on, Jonah, let's get out there. You've haunted the punch bowl all night.

I like it here. I can mingle.

Hey, J cubed! J to the third! Triple J! You here alone, too?

You guys done flirting over here?

Oh Good God, *Jonah!* Hey uh, this tux is a rental, so let's be cool, okay?

Hey what's the scene, man? You read much Kerouac?

Do people talk when they dance?

No...

Let's go.

Thank goodness that dance floor was *flame-retardant*, Jonah. You were a *fire hazard* out there!

I *told* you I don't dance.

That's not what it looked like to *me*. You were my *dancin' hero* out there.

Well I *hope* you enjoyed it, because you'll *never* see it again.

What's the *matter*, boy, having a little trouble sealing the deal?

Whad the hell'z *goin' on* in here!?!

Oh, no...

Uh-- hello, Mr. Jameson.

Son, in my day if you made it past the parking lot on prom night, you weren't fit to call yourself a man!

Hell, don't tell your mother this, but in the war...

...huh

Maybe you should go back to bed...

...David.

Look at the *tough guy!*

Well, tough guy, where I come from, you take a man's cigar you damn well better smoke it.

You don't have to inhale all the way-- *son.*

These aren't *so* bad...

...old man.

Hrmm... I guess I'll leave you two *alone...*

My hero...

Y'know, Jonah...

Yeah?

I know what everyone says, and I don't want you to get mad, but--

--your dad's a bit of a @#$%.

"It was the most *romantic* thing I had *ever heard.*"

I *married* that girl just as soon as I could, doc. She was a *keeper.*

Interesting...

Your father, either by presence or influence, seems to inform almost all of your memories...

I think this may apply to our current situation, Mr. Jameson, your hatred of this "Spider-Man." Have you ever heard of *God/father transference?*

Have *you* ever heard of *"vocabulary overcompensation"?*

Many theologians believe that our concept of *God* is shaped by our concept of our *father.*

An *abandoned child* will often feel *God's absence,* while an *abused child* will fear his *punishment.*

There is a school of thought, Mr. Jameson, that says *super heroes* have replaced *God* in the social consciousness. *They* are who we call when our *problems* outweigh our *abilities...*

"...how did you feel when men appeared that not only claimed to be *heroes,* but covered their *faces?*

"Did you see your *father,* Mr. Jameson? Did you convince yourself that these men had something to hide? That they had loved ones they hurt when no one was looking?

"You had to know, didn't you, Mr. Jameson? You had to know what horrible secret these men were hiding."

When did you stop believing in heroes, Mr. Jameson? After all, aren't you a *hero* to your *wife,* Joan?

First wife.

Oh. Yes, I'm sorry. It says here that your first wife is deceased. How did she die, exactly?

...

Mr. Jameson?

Alone.

She *died alone.* I was in Korea, reporting for the Bugle...

...trying to impress the old man... prove to him that I wasn't scared--

--and I wasn't there and she *died alone.*

It was supposed to be a *short trip,* doc. I didn't even have her *picture* with me.

All I could do was buy a *cigar,* like my dad used to smoke.

I smoked it and it reminded me of that night... of falling in love...

...with *her.*

They *still do...* sometimes.

No *one's* a hero, doc. *Especially* not me.

You know... I don't think I *want* to be hypnotized anymore.

Uh, well actually, Mr. Jameson, I'm not sure that will be...

Stop *stalling!* I said I'm *done!* Snap your fingers so I can get *out* of here!

Or if you wanna be cute...

Um... Mr. Jameson? I can tell you're upset, but there's no need to be ashamed. The healing power of a good *venting* is immeasurable...

Frankly, as it's apt to do with *stubborn*-- er-- *strong-willed* individuals, the hypnosis, it, well--

Failed.

Wha--?

You just *kept talking* so--

Poppycock! I was hypnotized *real good*, the way I remember it!

You tell anyone what I said here I'll have your head, got it?

Keep healing, Mr. Jameson!

Quack.

LATER.

Well if he told them about the *dreams*, he's in a *padded cell* already.

That'd be a *national tragedy*...

BAM

Mr. Jameson, *what* are you--?

What is *going on* around here?! *Johnson*, what are you *wearing?!* You just ruined a vacation I took *five years* ago!

It's *casual Friday*, sir. Robbie thought--

Casual what?!

I've never--

THE END

They say it was the worst Christmas storm the great city had ever seen. And it was during this storm that a captain of industry charged a young man with the task of purchasing a wondrous crystal unicorn for his beloved wife. The young man set out...

In truth, he was relieved to leave the party behind him. The comforts of the season had thus far eluded him. His wife was far away, and he missed her terribly.

It was about this time that a schoolmistress named Miss Kieko realised that she, and the last train to Maplewood, were short several of her young charges.

Our young man happened across these orphans of the storm, and being a virtuous type, he knew what he must do.

So he scooped them up and took them to the party he had just left.

As for his shopping, the young man decided it was time to call upon the services of a jolly figure trimmed in red...

WELL, HO FRIGGIN' HO! IT TOOK TWO MONTHS TO CONVINCE MARY JANE TO COME HOME FOR THE HOLIDAY AND HER PLANE IS FORCED TO LAND IN PHILLY 'CAUSE OF THIS DANG STORM!

AND I'M OUT HERE, FREEZING MY HUMBUG OFF.

CRAP

HO
18°

'twas the Fight before Xmas

A HOLIDAY HOOT BY
DARWYN COOKE and JAY BONE
COLOR STYLING BY
MATT HOLLINGSWORTH
AXEL ALONSO - EDITOR
JOHN MIESEGAES - ASST. ED.
JOE Q. - CHIEF BILL J. - PRES

STILL, THIS BEATS FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF.

DAILY BUGLE

AN HOUR AGO ALL I COULD DO WAS THINK WHAT A DRAG THIS HOLIDAY WILL BE WITHOUT MJ AROUND, THEN BAM--

-- NEXT THING, I'M OUT IN THIS MESS GETTING ALL RANKIN BASS.

THEY'RE A SWEET BUNCH OF KIDS...

YAAHH!

AGH!!

SOK!

WAAAHH!

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, WILL YOU LITTLE MONSTERS STOP?!

VROO-

BIG BABY!

YUK! Tha

ONE OF YOURS, BETTY?

I have to make pee-pee!

WHEEEE!!

where's Miss Kieko? STUPID!

OH, SPENCE, JUST KILL ME AND END IT.

Are you my mommy?

What is t

Hah Hah!

SNIF!

Wow! Look at 'ev fly

STOP! Ha ha ha ha

YES, DEAR... I KNOW, LAMB, I KNOW HOW LONG YOU WORKED ON THIS PARTY, BUT THE STORM...

PUT THAT DOWN cookie WILL

WAAAH

PARDON?

NO! but, b

CREEP

cookie?

I SEE... DARLING, COULD YOU EXCUSE ME FOR A SECOND?

Put that

PETER FOUND THEM IN THE STORM, AND OH, HE JUST HAD TO RACE OUT TO MACY'S TO GET THEM ALL GIFTS...

LEAVING YOU--

EXACTLY—

WAHA

CREEP!

QUIET!

BWWAAHHH!

THAT'S BETTER. YES DEAR, I KNOW THE CITY IS SHUT DOWN — DON'T YOU FRET, MY SWEET. I HAVE A SPECIAL MODE OF TRANSPORT ARRANGED. WEL--

COO!

COO?

EEE...

NO DEAR, NOT YOU. IT SEEMS MY OFFICE IS BEING INVADED BY ELVES OF SOME SORT. NOT ELVIS, ELF — NO, DEAR, I HAVE NOT BEEN DRINK-- HELLO?

DEAR?

CITY
NO!!
EDITORIAL
FIRE!

MISS BRANT, WHAT IN SAM HILL HAVE YOU DONE TO THE PHONES?!

FOR GOODNESS SAKE JJ, HAVE YOU BEEN INTO THE PUNCH ALREADY? TAKE A LOOK OUT YOUR WINDOW...

IT'S CALLED A SNOWSTORM, JJ.

YEE GODS, IT'S ATTACHED ITSELF!

HELP!

papa san.

...SO IT'S ALL, Y'KNOW, ROSY, BUT HE HAD TO KINDA SQUAT THERE FOR A FEW HOURS UNTIL IT WORE OFF... A HA HA HA HA HA!

HAT SAY, OOGE! EAR!

HUBB HUB

STAIRS

PETER?

PETER PARKER!

OVER HERE!

PARKER-SAN!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

SPIDER-MAN

AIDS

OOOOHH...

AHHHH...

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

SPIDER-SAN!!

AZING
IDER-MAN

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

WHAT DID THIS LAME-O DO TO DESERVE A FIGURE... AND WHY'D YOU GIVE IT TO ME, LUMPY?

YOU INSULT MY GIFT?

C'MON MATCHSTICK, I'VE SEEN THE WAY YOU LOOK AT OL' WEB-HEAD... ADMIT IT, YOU'RE KINDA SWEET ON HIM.

YOU JERK!

HAR HAR HAR-EH?

singe!!-

MAN

YA SINGED MY SUNDAY-BEST SWEATER!

MY DEAR OL' AUNT PETUNIA GIMME THIS... I'LL MURTILIZE YA!

MAXIM

FLARE

BENJAMIN!! CAN'T YOU BEHAVE FOR ONE DAY OF THE YEAR?

BUT, BUT-- AWW, SUZIE...

ANY LUCK LOCATING MY COUSIN, REED?

WE'LL FIND HER CRYSTAL, MEDUSA WAS LAST SEEN BY ALICIA YESTERDAY.

IT'S BEEN LESS THAN 24 HOURS, AND IF ANYONE CAN FIND HER, IT'S THAT MAN OF MINE. SO--

FELIZ NAVIDAD, FELLOW SHOPPERS!

ONCE I REFINE THE SETTINGS, THIS TRACKER WILL BE ABLE TO ISOLATE THE LOCATION OF MEDUSA'S UNIQUE CHEMICAL STRUCTURE.

YEESH, THIS ONE IS A BIGGER SLEEPING PILL THAN HANK PYM! CAN WE, LIKE, GO?

HAVE FUN DEAR, BUT BE CAREFUL IN THIS STORM.

C'MON CRYS, LET'S GO BUY YOU SOME SHOES!

ALRIGHT.

SMOOCH

CHARGE IT!

LARGEST STORE
macy's

I HOPE REED CAN FIND MEDUSA IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS.

RELAX, CRYSTAL. REED WILL COME THROUGH. LET'S WORRY ABOUT FIGHTING THE CROWD AT MACY'S.

...ACY'S

"... eather outside is frightful..."

WELL, MY DEAR, I MUST ADMIT I HADN'T PLANNED FOR THE APPEARANCE OF THE WALL-CRAWLER.

YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN

SPECIAL APPEARANCE ONE DAY ONLY XMAS EVE!

SP... APPEARA...
DAY O...

BUT I'VE COME TOO FAR TO TURN BACK NOW.

MY PLAN IS IN MOTION AND MY INSIDE MAN HAS SET THE STAGE... I'LL JUST HAVE TO DEAL WITH SPIDER-MAN.

COME, MY DEAR-- WE MUST FIND THE ONE THEY CALL...JOE.

WHICH TRAILER PARK DID YOU FIND HIM IN?

SECURITY

AHEM!... IS HE DEAF? AHEM! EXCUSE ME, MISTER...

FLASH THOMPSON.

JERK.

OH - UH, SORRY. I WAS JUST, Y'KNOW, GETTING INTO CHARACTER. YOU CAN ALL RELAX BECAUSE, LIKE, I WAS BORN TO PLAY, SPIDER-MAN!

Wash your hands

I'M HIS BIGGEST FAN! AND I'VE SPENT ALL WEEK STUDYING HIS MOVES! I PROMISE I WON'T LET YOU AND SPIDEY DOWN!

MAKE A NOTE TO ADD A PSYCH EXAM TO THE HOLIDAY HIRING PROCESS.

YES SIR.

WORM.

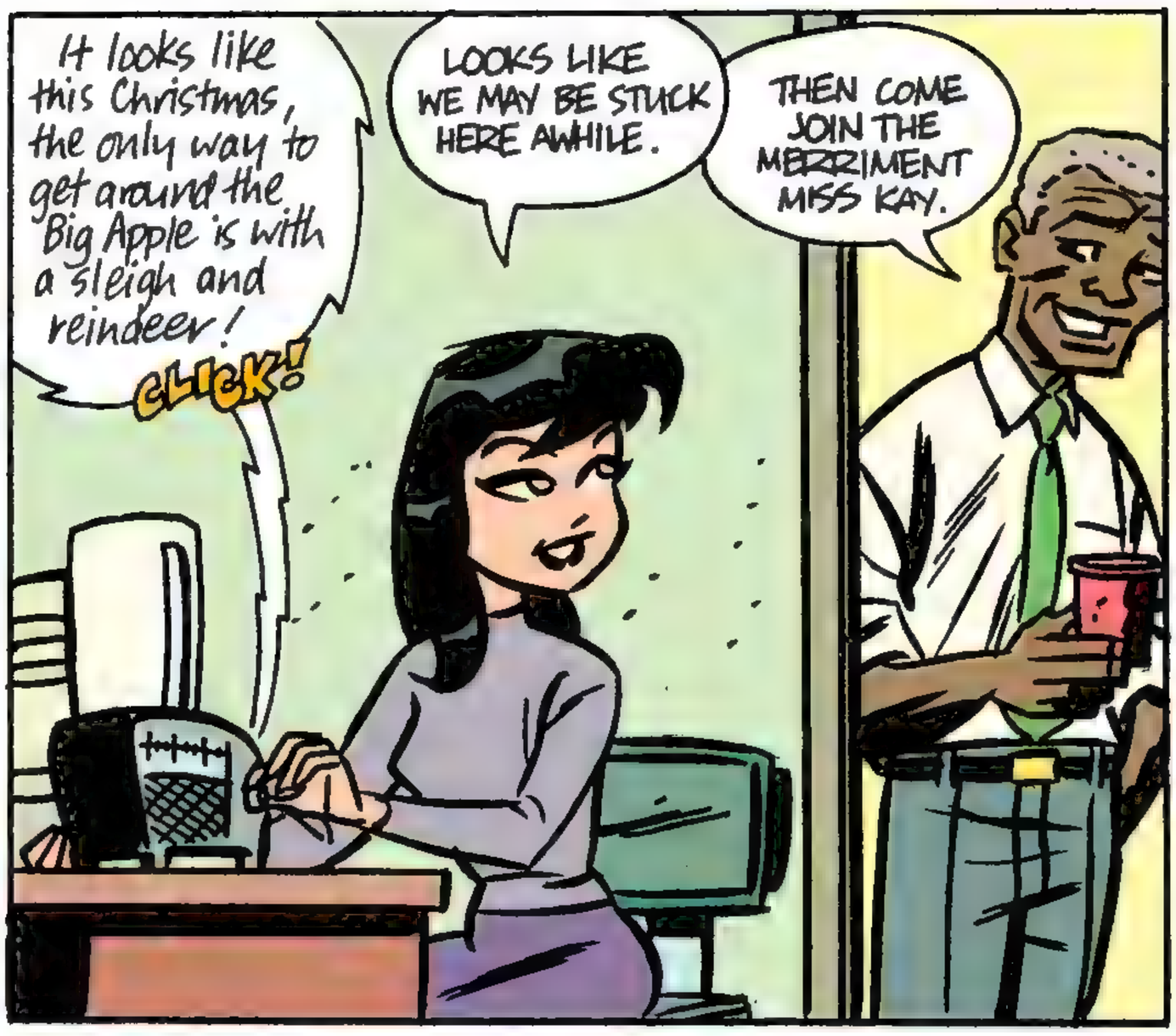
ERR R....RIIIGHT. THAT'S GREAT, TERRIFIC. LOOK FLUSH, LET'S JUST TRY TO KEEP IT IN OUR COSTUME, EH?

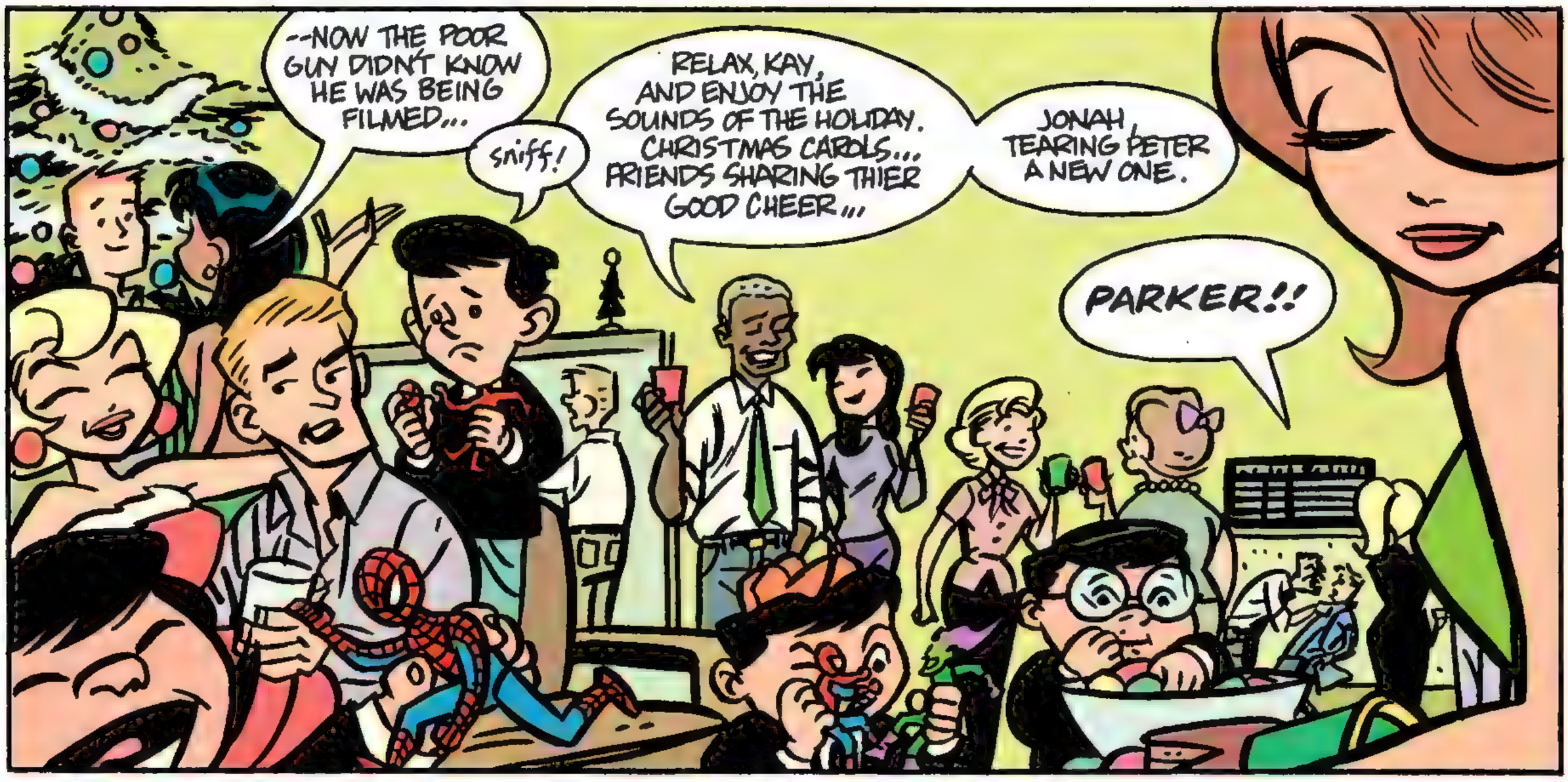
?

NOW GET OUT THERE--YKNOW... FOR THE KIDS.

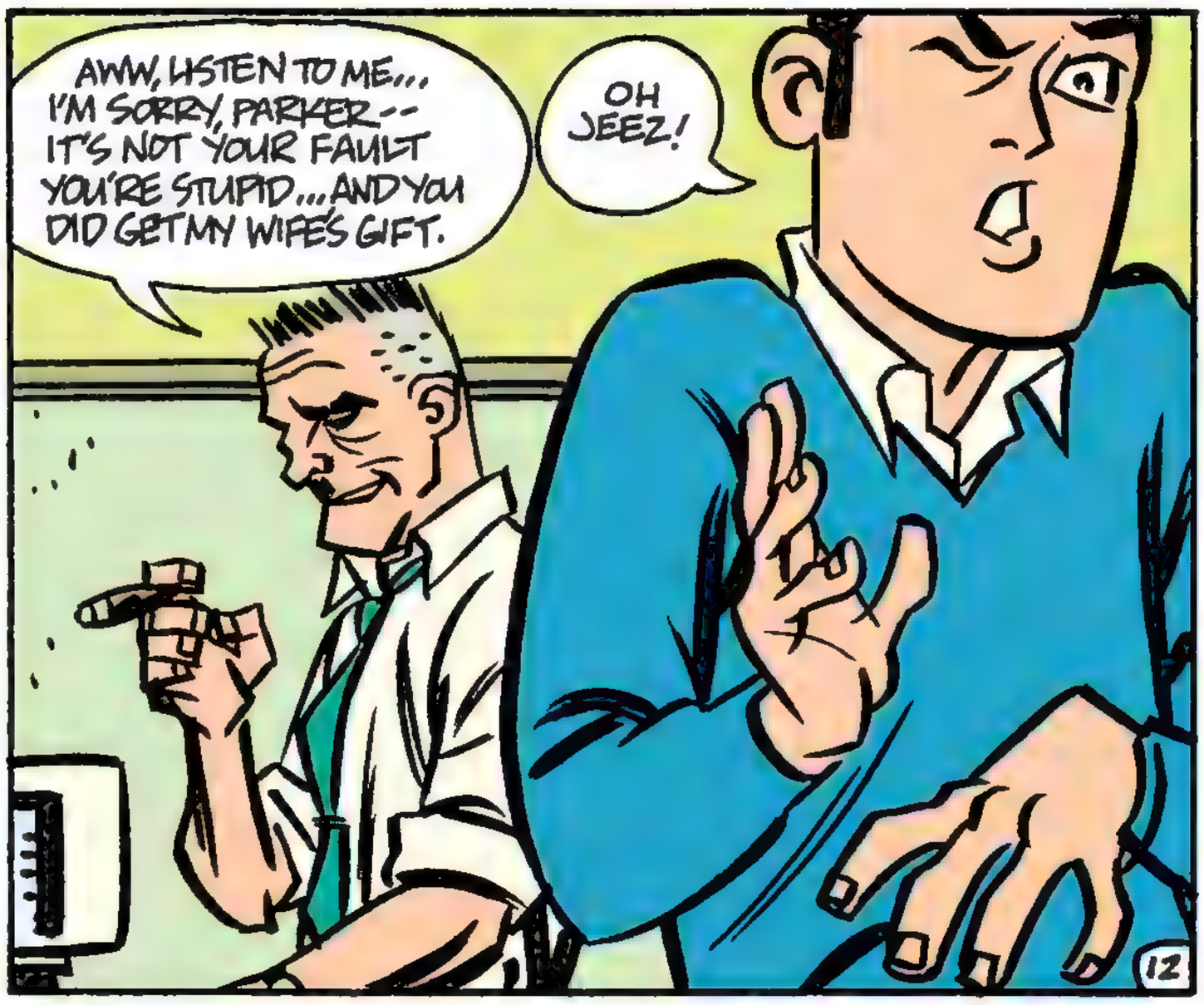
AND DON'T FORGET TO PUSH THE SPIDEY-COPTERS.

--with no end in sight. Across Manhattan everything is stopped dead - All airports, bus stations and major roads are closed.
DAILY BUGLE


It looks like this Christmas, the only way to get around the Big Apple is with a sleigh and reindeer!
CLICK!
LOOKS LIKE WE MAY BE STUCK HERE AWHILE.
THEN COME JOIN THE MERRIMENT MISS KAY.


--NOW THE POOR GUY DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS BEING FILMED...
sniff!
RELAX, KAY, AND ENJOY THE SOUNDS OF THE HOLIDAY. CHRISTMAS CAROLS... FRIENDS SHARING THIER GOOD CHEER...
JONAH TEARING PETER A NEW ONE.
PARKER!!

USING MY MONEY TO BUY THOSE BRATS SPIDER-MAN TOYS? IS MY BLOOD PRESSURE SOME KIND OF SICK JOKE TO YOU? I'VE GOT HALF A MIND NOT TO GIVE YOU YOUR GIFT!


AWW, LISTEN TO ME... I'M SORRY, PARKER-- IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT YOU'RE STUPID... AND YOU DID GET MY WIFE'S GIFT.
OH JEEZ!

A GLASS UNICORN, CRYSTAL? FOR BLACK BOLT?

WON'T HE LOVE IT?

HONEY, I'VE WORKED WITH OLD STRONG AND SILENT AND I'VE GOT TWO WORDS... "CASUAL WEAR"!

BUT--

FRANKLIN WANTS THE FF ACTION PLAYSET... BUT I DON'T KNOW-

WHY? CAUSE THEY MADE YOUR BUTT LOOK AS BIG AS SHE-HULK'S?

JAN! DON'T BE SILLY, I JUST DON'T KNOW IF IT'S HEALTHY FOR HIM 'PLAY' WITH HIS FAMILY.

BESIDES, THAT BUTT IS HUGE!

I MEAN, WHO SCULPTED THAT THING?

HA HA HA HA HA HA

IT MAKES ME WANT TO VOMIT.

"Kids!"

HOURS

THESE... NABOBS.

HOW I HATE THEM.

DOLLS

MACY'S

TOYLAND

AH HA! THERE'S SPIDER-MAN.

I'M TELLIN' YA... IF SANTA DON'T GO, HE'S GONNA GO ON THIS KID!

ALL I REQUIRE IS A MOMENT, AND A HANDFULL OF MY GLORIOUS COMPOUND.

BACK OFF, SPIDER-BOY.

NOT SO FAST, MISS.

Dang!

THERE'S BEEN A RASH OF ELF DISAPPEARANCES IN THE CITY. AS A CARD-CARRYING GOOD GUY, I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY TO SEE YOU BACK TO YOUR IGLOO AFTER WORK.

HMM...

DANCE, SPIDER-BOY!

OOP!

HEY... UH, WHAT'S UP?

SNAP

AHEM... THE TIME HAS COME TO SERVE YOUR MASTER-

... Santa with the smallest bladder in town — over.

-JOE!

I TRUST EVERYTHING IS READY?

OOP. AAP. EEP.

EXCELLENT. COME NOW, LET'S HELP SANTA DO HIS BUSINESS.

SECURITY

SO, LIKE WHAT'S WITH THE COOTIE PLATOON?

CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS? NED IS WAITING FOR ME AT HOME AND I'M STUCK BABYSITTING PETER'S LITTLE GANG OF VANDALS!

UH, BETTY? I THINK YOU HAVE HIS CANDY CANE.

YICK!!

BETTY! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO KEEP A MUZZLE ON THOSE RUG-BITERS!

CAN'T YOU EVEN DO--

THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE LAST STRAW!

jab jab jab

NOW BETTY...

NEVER MIND, JJ! YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S YOUR PAPER, YOUR PARTY, YOUR WORLD! WHICH MAKES THIS YOUR CANDY CANE!

YICK!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

YOU JERK.

PAPA-SAN!

ATTENTION CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS!

LISTEN UP, YOU GREEDY PIGS!

MY WORD!

?

SANTA CLAUS HERE!

AND I'M SICK OF WATCHING YOU YEAR AFTER YEAR WASTING YOUR MONEY ON PLASTIC JUNK!

THIS YEAR, YOU'LL GIVE YOUR MONEY TO ME! HA HA HA!!

AND IF ANY OF YOU NEED ENCOURAGEMENT TO DIG DEEP..

BOING!

WHOA.

BAM!

I GIVE YOU - MEDUSA!

LEGGO!

OOP. AAP. EEP.

HELP!

OOP.

NOW BE GOOD AND HAND IT OVER AND SANTA PROMISES HE'LL SEND ALL OF YOU A POSTCARD FROM HAWAII.

GONNA PEE MYSELF! DANG!

HOLY CRAP! IT'S A SUPER HERO CRIME SPREE!

THE BUGLE IS RIGHT! HE IS A BAD GUY!

NO CANADIAN BILLS

WHY ARE YOU JUST STANDING THERE - I'M PAYING YOU FOR SECURITY! DO SOMETHING!!

DO IT YOURSELF, YOU WEASEL.

OOP. AAP. EEP.

UNHAND ME!!

WILL YOU LOOK AT THE SIZE OF MY CABOOSE.

UHH, CRYS--

Fantastic Four PLAYSET AND

I THINK WE FOUND MEDUSA.

HOW COULD THEY?

GIVE

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT SPIDER-FINK! YOU LOOK AFTER YOUR COUSIN!

Liner

THIS IS JUST WHAT I NEED! I STILL HAVE A HAM TO GLAZE!

REED-WE FOUND MEDUSA HERE AT MACY'S --SHE'S ROBBING THE STORE WITH SPIDER-MAN!

HANG ON, CRYSTAL!

HA!

FRAP!

EAD GIRL
KE-UP KIT

Til Vivo Kickov

MEDUSA! IT'S ME!

CRYSTAL!

SHE'S MAD--MAD!

HANG ON, CRYS! I'LL PRY YOU OUT OF THERE!

SUE!! LOOK O--

OWWT!

WHUMP!

I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A LOSER.

OOP?

CATCHES FLIES • ANTS CRAWLERS

AAAP!

BLUE BAIT

YOU'RE QUITE THE SMOOTH TALKER! BUT SORRY, FELLA-

NO SPIDER'S EVER GONNA TRAP THIS FLY GIRL!!

ZAP!

EEP!

JAN! DISTRACT MEDUSA!

CRANCH

ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP!

THAT'S IT-

GOT HER!!

DRIING

AND THAT'S THAT.. AWWW-

GRNRNRNRNRNRNRNRNR

CHRISMAS SUCKS.

HOUSEW

SPIDER-MAN WAS LOOSE AND IT WAS MY JOB TO SAVE THE GOOD PEOPLE OF NEW YORK!

Stella's DEPARTMENT STORE

SO THERE I WAS-- AND I HAD THAT WALLCRAWLING CROOK JUST WHERE I WANTED HIM!

YOU'RE A BIG FAT LIAR... SPIDEY'S A HERO!

YOU REALIZE SON, I MAKE ONE CALL...

JONAH!! THE POLICE BAND IS GOING WILD ABOUT A ROBBERY AT MACY'S!

APPARENTLY, MEDUSA AND SPIDER-MAN ARE TRASHING TOYLAND!

HAH!

THERE REALLY IS A SANTA CLAUS! C'MON KIDS, IT'S TIME I MADE BUGLE REPORTERS OUT OF YOU! WE'RE GOING TO MACY'S!!

HEY JONAH, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO IN THIS BAD WEATHER?

I'M TAKING THESE CUBS TO MACY'S AND SHATTER THEIR CHILD-ISH ILLUSIONS ABOUT THEIR HERO.

AH, THE HOLIDAYS! ZIP UP SWEETIE... THERE WE ARE.

BUNDLE UP DEAR.

NF!!

HEE!

AH CANF BREAF!

YOU OLD SOFTY, YOU LIKE THESE KIDS!

SHH!

NOT TO BE A BUZZKILL, BUT YOU REALIZE THE ROADS ARE ALL CLOSED?

ONLY FOR THOSE WITH NARROW VISION MY DEAR. WHEN THE SYSTEM FALLS APART, I SAY LOOK TO THE TRIED AND TRUE!

LOOK!

YAY!

JJJ, YOU ARE THE MAN!

DAILY BUGLE

JEEZ, WHAT A STORM! GOOD THING I'VE GOT MY OWN WAY AROUND OR THIS'D TAKE FOREVER. SOME HOLIDAY... SHOPPING FOR EBENEZER JAMESON.

WHO AM I KIDDING? IF MJ WAS HERE, I'D BE HAPPY TO PLAY SPIDEY CLAUS.

WHATTA YA KNOW- I'LL BET SUE AND REED ARE SHOPPING TOGETHER, WITHOUT A CARE IN THE GALAXY.

IT'S LIKE EVERYONE AND HIS MOTHER IS HERE. NOTHING STOPS THIS CITY.

THIS SHOULDN'T BE TOO BAD - GRAB JONAH'S UNICORN AND ZIP BACK TO THE BUGLE.

NEXT FLOOR- HARDWARE, HOUSE AND HOME, AND TOYS. HO.HO.

CAREFUL, WASP! I'M GOING TO TRAP HIM IN A WHIRLWIND!

OH NO! THE CHAINSAW!

OOPA, OOPA...

SUE! LOOK OUT!!

KA-RWING!

WHOA!

OKAY... HOUSEWARES, HARDWARE, TOYS AND--

CHAIN-SAWS?

TOING!

SPIDER-MAN?

KRAK!

WHIRR

SWEET CHRISTMAS!

RELAX, ALICIA! I'M SURE MEDUSA IS FINE. URRP!! UH, PARDON.

Y'KNOW BABY, IF YOU'RE FEELIN' THE HOLIDAY BLUES, OLD BENJY WO--

C'MON, BEN! THE GIRLS HAVE FOUND MEDUSA!

GOTTA RUN, BABY!

JOHNNY! LET'S MOVE, SON!

WHAT'S HAPPENING, REED?

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE, MATCHHEAD? WE'RE GOING SHOPPING!

HERE YOU GO, MY GOOD MAN! NOW, IT'S OFF TO MACY'S! AND IGNORE THE STOP SIGNS!

YES, GUV'NER.

HEY KIDS, WHAT SAY WE SING?

YAY!

♪silent night...♪

MEN'S W R

JEEZ, WHAT IS IT ABOUT CHRISTMAS? LOOK AT THEM GO...

AND WHO THE HECK IS "SPIDER-MAN"?

—PARKER? I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.

HOLY SMOKE! FLASH? WHAT'S GOING ON?

EXIT

PASSED OUT! WHATEVER'S GOING ON HERE, ONE THING'S FOR SURE...

SPIDEY'S GOT A HAIR APPOINTMENT TO KEEP!

JOY

NOEL

motion

THWIP!

HAH! NICE TRY, RAPUNZEL!

ALLEY OOP!

SNOW TIME

SPANG!

CRUNCH

TOING!

PLINK

NO WAY!!

OW.

UHHH...

SHE'LL LIVE.

WELL, THAT'S THAT.

WHATEVER THAT WAS.

NOT SO FAST BUTTERCUP!

EEP!

THINK YER PRETTY TOUGH, EH SPIDER-RAT? YOU BEAT THAT WOMAN UP ALL BY YOURSELF?

URF!

HEY HANDSOME, MAYBE IF YOU'RE LUCKY SANTA WILL GIVE YOU SOME ROCKS IN YOUR STOCKING TO MATCH THE ONES IN YOUR HEAD!

DID I SAY THAT OUT LOUD? OH JEEZ.

POW!

SHE SURE WASN'T HERSELF.

MAYBE SPIDER-MAN WAS UNDER THE SAME INFLUENCE.

HMM... HYPNOSIS?

THE BIG SAP.

HO! HO! WE MADE IT, JUST IN TIME!!

MOTHER IS GOING TO KILL ME!

FINALLY!

Y'S

SANTA... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

OH BE-

QUIET?

AAAGH!

WHOMP!

WHOA.

YOU KILLED HIM!

SPIDER-SAN KILLED SANTA!

THIS ISN'T SANTA... IT'S THE PUPPET MASTER!

WILL SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON?

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER... HE USED THESE CLAY PUPPETS TO TURN YOU INTO SLAVES... HIS UNWITTING PARTNERS IN CRIME.

THAT'S SOME MIGHTY NICE EXPOSITION, RICHARDS.

MASTERS! HOW COULD YA?

I CAN'T TAKE IT! ALL THE FAKE HAPPINESS, THE FALSE JOY... DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU SICK?

IT MAKES ME WANT TO TAKE A DENTIST'S DRILL TO MY BRAIN! MY OWN DAUGHTER TURNED ME AWAY... AND WHEN I SAW MEDUSA--

THERE NOW KIDDIES! SEE HOW SPIDER-MAN RUINED CHRISTMAS? HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

BWWAAAAAA

It came to Pass...

That even the worst enemies could come together for the sake of the young.

As for those inhuman gals...

...they decided on the chainsaw for Black Bolt.

Even the Thing shed his customary cynicism and convinced Alicia to comfort her wayward father.

An Angel of Mercy descended, bringing fresh hope to the afflicted.

Peace

The King and Queen of the great city retired to their castle, as the Queen had a ham to glaze.

The young and the young at heart made quite merry, and before long, the air was rich with children's laughter.

At long last, the young man had secured the crystal unicorn for the Captain of Industry.

Just one was unconsolable. But as they arrived at Jonah's, Peter saw his promised gift...

And he was filled with joy. The sly old dog had somehow delivered his beloved to him!

And so, from the gang to you...

Happy Holidays!

And Peace on Earth, True Believers!

...Anyway, my delegate says I should file a complaint.

You know what that means: they can reassign you.

Jeez, Weissman, at least use one of these.

Maybe you should file a complaint after all.

Unit 18, robbery at Mann's Deli on 4th and Houston. Suspects are armed and said to be on foot, headed northbound.

This is unit 18. We're on it.

POLICE

MANN'S DELI

DELI

MEAT
Baker
Cater

...two men...they, they ran...they ran there. My husband... :sob: ...I don't think he's...

Stay calm, ma'am. He's alive.

Murphy, call it in. I'll stay with him.

This is 18; we need an ambulance at 4th and Houston, right away.

ANN'S DELI

S H

This is Unit 18; I'm in pursuit of two suspects in the robbery on 4th and Houston. All units be on the lookout for--

SCREECH

What the...

the system

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15th PRECINCT

Harrison, Donavan.

So, what do you got on that deli robbery?

The owner is in a coma down at Mercy General. He was beat over the head with a bat pretty bad.

We got the two guys we like in rooms one and two.

Any witnesses?

Yeah, if you can call her that. The victim's wife. She ID'd Harrison here in a line up.

Perfect. Well, we got our work cut out for us.

Go shake something loose.

Uh, Captain...?

What?

Son of a...

Courtesy of your Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man

All right, where were the perps found?

Five blocks away. They headed northbound after the job.

Any idea how long were they tied up for?

Hard to say. Could have been a good five minutes. Long enough to get their stories straight, though.

And the *bat?*

It was retrieved one block away from where they were picked up. We're running it through forensics.

Okay. Work them over and I'll talk to the DA. I think *Hernandez* is on this one. He won't like it, but maybe he can give us a break.

Here's the file on the two perps.

Thanks. Where are you off to?

Home. It's bad enough they make me stay this late. Some of us have families you know.

Sorry I asked.

What did Murphy say about the one guy?

I think the skell in two was the shaker. He cried on the way here.

Okay, we'll save him for last. Let's talk to the guy in one first.

INTERROGATION ROOM ONE

PLEASE KNOCK

Rise and shine, Terry Dunn.

Donavan, check this out. It's ***graduation day*** for Mr. Dunn.

I want a ***lawyer.***

Aren't you the least bit excited?

I ain't talkin'. I know my ***rights.***

Then shut the hell up.

You're a ***man*** today, Dunn. The history is all there on your sheet. Stealing cars at fourteen, dealing drugs at eighteen, aggravated assault at twenty-three and today, you graduated to the big leagues. Attempted murder in the commission of a felony, robbery--

I didn't do nothing. I know my rights.

If you're such an expert on your rights, you'll shut up and let us finish.

What the hell is he hitting me for? Is this some sort of good cop/bad cop routine?

No kid, we're both pretty bad. And that's as good as it's gonna get.

Now, tell us what happened. From the very beginning.

Like I said, we didn't do nothin'. Me and Bunk was just walkin' when we ***see*** these two guys runnin' ***towards*** us. At the time, we didn't know that they had just done something--

What makes you think they had done something?

Well... ***he*** was chasing them.

Keep going.

Well, the two guys ran past us, like they were running for their lives. Bunk looks at me and... next thing you know, we... got kind of... stuck.

Stuck?

Yeah, in this... this ***web thing.*** Only he got the wrong guys. Spider-Man ***assaulted*** us. You should go after him.

After we get the guys that assaulted Mr. Mancuso, right?

Yeah... after *that.* 'Cause we wasn't those guys.

Let's go see how good your friend's memory is.

You do that.

Hey! This coffee's cold.

INTERROGATION ROOM TWO

PLEASE KNOCK

Walter Bunkowski. I'm Detective Harrison and this is my partner, Detective Donov--

I'm not talking to you. I want a lawyer.

Hold on son. We just want to talk.

I... uh... I...

Relax. We want this over with as badly as you do. No need to be nervous.

Unless, you have something to be nervous *about?*

Now, Mr. Bunkowski, I'm curious, why do your friends call you Bunk?

I... don't know.

It doesn't look good, huh?

No witnesses, nothing puts them there. The old lady has the worst eyesight I've seen on the job.

Without a confession, the judge will throw this back in our faces.

I just hope this Spider-Man reads the papers.

I guess the defense lawyers are finally catching up with him. The *"Spider-Man Defense"* is more popular than *insanity* these days.

The last three skells he brought us all walked. Ed Lawrence retired five years ago from the force, became a bank security guard, gets shot on the job. Spider-Man catches the punks, beats them and ties them up. Those three actually walked ***because*** of him.

The freak doesn't realize the mess we have to clean up after him.

I want a *lawyer.*

Now, hold on a second. I can't in good conscience sit here without giving you all your options. It's just not right. I know you have the right to a lawyer, but you have other options. A lawyer is just an *option.*

His public defender will be here in a few hours.

They won't need that much time. They'll get a confession out of this guy.

Your options are these: You can say nothing and ask for a lawyer, but to be honest, that puts a *stink* on you. You already have a stink, for being tangled in this mess.

Donavan, doesn't he have a stink?

You're *collecting flies*, kid.

The *other* is to help us get to the bottom of what *really* happened. Be open with us now so we can understand you. We know it's not as bad as it looks, right?

I... umm... uh, I--

You beat a sixty-year- old man into unconsciousness!

Hear me?

You grabbed the bat he hides behind the counter and beat him with it. He's probably gonna die because you needed money to score some *rock*. *Is that it?*

Uhhh... mmm... I...

Pull yourself together before I break your arms.

Pete, ease up...

This scumbag is holding out on us. I want five minutes alone with this jerk.

Why don't you check on Mr. Dunn? All right?

Right.

Did forensics come up with anything on the bat?

Nothing we can *use*. The only fingerprints that showed up were the victim's.

We don't have any *witnesses*. They smashed the security cameras and tapes. Nobody was around.

We need a *confession*.

That's it! After this is over, I'm going after Spider-Man.

You and every other cop in this city. Good luck trying to catch him.

These guys are walking because of him. The odor of Spider-Man is enough to make defense lawyers salivate.

This job would be easier... you know, if these costume freaks weren't around.

These guys were smart. They got their stories straight.

No, these guys are *idiots*.

They all are.

My partner gets a bit wrapped up in these things. He gets emotional. He'll calm down. Tell me how it happened.

Ouch!

Careful you don't want to burn yourself. Now, start from the beginning.

Well, we were standing there and these two guys ran past us.

What?

Were they running *toward* you or did they come from *behind*?

Which way were they coming from?

They--

Bunk, look at me. Were they running *toward* you or did they come from *behind*?

Uhh... from *behind*. And then we got sort of... caught.

Yeah, by the police.

No, by *Spider-Man*.

Spider-Man? Come on, Bunky. Have you been sniffing glue and watching Charlotte's Web again?

But... he tied us up.

Did you *see* him?

...No... not really...

Bunk, you've seen him in the *newspaper.* Cheap tabloids invent an urban Sasquatch to sell papers.

What's a sas--?

--Never mind.

You're a dumb piece of garbage, aren't you?

I want a *lawyer.*

This guy is going to die because you and your friend panicked, got a surge of adrenaline, got scared--

I'm not... scared.

You're scared of *me,* right? Keep on asking for a lawyer, what am I *supposed* to think?

Bing, either this guy fears me or he's guilty.

Really? You *should* be.

Bunk, you have a baby at home.

How... how did you...?

We have your wallet. I saw her picture; she's pretty.

I didn't *do nothin'* and I *ain't* scared of you.

Stop crying. You did a ***man's crime,*** Bunk. You cry around here, in the joint, you're ***breakfast,*** pure and simple. Suck it up.

I want to get out of here.

You can't.

I want my lawyer.

What's your ***public defender*** going to do for you? Most cops get along real well with them; they keep the wheels of justice moving right along.

But, I ***told*** you what happened.

That story is garbage. Your friend told us different.

What did he ***say?***

Not allowed to say. He's in the other room with his lawyer.

Didn't he tell you, he had a real high-priced cat lined up? Making a statement, cutting a sweetheart of a deal.

He has... a ***lawyer?***

A ***real*** lawyer? Yes. My money is that he's rolling on you right about now.

Forensics can put you at the scene. I got ***witnesses, DNA, fingerprints.***

No you don't, I wore ***gloves.***

What was ***that?***

So... you wore gloves?

I'm... I'm just saying, I was wearing gloves. So... even if I ***was*** there, you wouldn't have my ***finger-prints.***

Were you there?

No.

Then what do you care?

It's gonna be a long time before you see your daughter--

Don't you talk about my daughter!

Take it easy, son. All I'm sayin' is she needs a father and you're taking that away from her.

What are you--?

Thirty years, Bunk. If the old man dies, you get the needle.

Needle? But--

What part don't you understand?

SLAM

If this guy dies, ***you die.*** Am I still confusing you?

Thirty years or lethal injection. Now, help me prevent this from happening.

RINGG!

Campbell. Yeah. Okay, we need more time. Stall him, something, anything.

Bunk's lawyer is here.

We got nothing to hold them on. We need a ***statement now.***

We got everything we need.

I didn't *do* nothin'.

Hey, Bunk, I'm trying to be fair with you. Waiting for you to smarten up, say something to make you look good in court.

I'm not *going* to court.

You put yourself at the scene moron. You *said* it; it's in the open.

I didn't mean nothin'.

The other genius is giving us a statement right now. You didn't think he'd hold up against us. He told me all about how you roped him into this thing.

That lying son of a--

If he's such a *liar*, you should take it upon yourself to tell the truth.

"It was an accident, right Bunk? It got out of control. You wanted to get some cash to buy your baby girl some clothes, some food. Hey, we can all relate to that. The DA, the Judge, the jury, me. I'd do anything for my family. You were putting your family first, right?"

"Things were going smoothly. You didn't have a weapon, which helps you, too. You got the money out of the register, the man's wallet, but when he refused to open the safe..."

"...Dunn snapped. He lost it. Next thing you know, he's beating the man down with that baseball bat he keeps behind the counter, and he won't stop. You were scared for your own life. You just wanted to get out of there with the money and see your baby girl."

It's okay, Bunk. Tell the truth, get that stink off you. You had nothing to do with beating that man. It was for your family.

I know it's tough to say. Try writing it down.

Put down that pen. This interview is over.

We have him at the scene with the money in his possession.

He was five blocks away when he was framed by two individuals, whom the police had made no effort to locate, when my client was assaulted by Spider-Man, whom the police have made no effort to apprehend for his own illegal activities.

Your client did not even see this so-called Spider-Man. He claimed that he and his accomplice ran into a discarded web-like material.

Now you're pretending he doesn't exist? You don't even believe that yourself. No fingerprints, no witnesses. I've seen ***toilet paper*** stronger than your ***case.***

Are you charging my client or not?

I thought so.

You're making a mistake, Bunk.

Don't say another word. We're going.

I say we put a car on them.

That won't turn up anything new. Plus, there's no money for surveillance based on what little evidence we have.

We were close. I felt it. He was cracked.

Yeah, well another one is walking thanks to your "friendly neighborhood Spider-Man."

It's morning already. Go home you two. We'll go back and interview the old lady again, see if she forgot something.

Come on, I'll let you buy me breakfast.

I'll let you watch me eat.

Hey Mary, what's all this?

The mail from yesterday, and today's paper. And by the way, good ***morning***, Lieutenant.

Harrison! Donovan!

FINAL

DAILY BUGLE

FINAL

NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

Photograph by PETER PARKER

SPIDER-MAN STRIKES OUT THUGS

Courtesy of your Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man

END

Jones Beach, New York.

SONIC TV

My mommy didn't love me!

My daddy left at ten!

SONIC TV BEER HELMET

SPRING BREAK ROCKS!

WOO UP

FRED FAN CLUB

↑ MY FIRST TATTOO!

Don't try to understand me!!

You don't know where I've been!!!

All right! That's *Sausage-Finger* coming in at number three on Sonic Request Daily, and from the sound of it, being a young, middle class, white guy is harder than ever!

SONIC TV

At least it's not another punk remake of an eighties pop song!

For those of you just joining us, spring break is at full swing here on Sonic TV, where we've filled our *Sonic TV Beach House* full of attractive celebrities to make this year *off the hook!*

Speaking of *celebrities,* here to help us introduce the two hottest songs in the country are the two *hottest* stars in pop...

--Tiffany Gibson and Johnny Waterlog from N'Step!

JOHNNY AND TIFFANY

We ♥ JOHNNY!

CLAP

CLAP

TIFFANY IS Hot!!

CLAP

SECURITY

I went to college...

Now you guys both have new cuts on the charts vying for number one; what were you going for with these new videos?

I...

Oh I knew I needed to take it to the ***next level,*** y'know, show everyone I'm not a little girl anymore. So I gyrate a lot more in this one.

Wow, showing a ***sensual side*** to stay on top-- such a ***brave*** decision for a young woman in this industry. What about ***you,*** Johnny, what were you and the band going for with your latest: "I Need You Like *Coco* Needs Her *Kitten*"?

Uh, yeah, I guess we're, uh, also taking it to the ***next level...*** and we gyrate some, too.

Wow, I can tell it's going to be a ***close*** one.

Okay, with forty-six percent of the total vote, it's "I Need You Like Coco Needs Her Kitten!" That means you're a big number two today, Tiffany!

#1

OOH!

OOH!

AH!

AH!

You fans are the best! I couldn't do it without you!

Oh well. At ***least*** I got beat by my ***boyfriend!!***

That night.

ONIC TV

it's DOPE!!!

Don't think for a second I couldn't have undone a few more buttons and been number one with a bullet.

A bullet!

C'mon, Tiffany, there's five of us and only *one* of you. Of course we're gonna have more fans.

Oh look who's the entertainment reporter! Since when can you do simple math, Johnny?! You think you're better than me-- is *that* it?

No, I...

WHAPP!

Well, let's do the whole makeout thing so I can talk about how romantic you are without rolling my eyes.

Do you think we could, uh, take it to the *next level...?*

What!?! No! You sick--

--Johnny!?

N -STEP

Johnny!?

GURGLE

Oh my....!?

NOOOoooooooooooooo!

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF SHAME
PART 1

ZEB WELLS - WRITER
JIM MAHFOOD - ARTIST
STEVE BUCCELLATO - COLORS
RANDY GENTILE - LETTERS
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BEACH HOUSE
SONIC TV
BEER
SONIC TV
BIG Beer
BEER
SMUGGLER'S FINGER
SONI

Now getting a cold in the dead of winter is one thing, but why do I always seem to relapse as soon as the sun comes out?

CLICK

Looks like everyone in this city will get a tan except me...

...kind of like when I was in High School.

Now Joan, I'm seeing a large woman coming through here...

...is *everyone* in your family fat?

CLICK

I wasn't *hurting* her, Corky, that's just what Moms and Dads do when they love each other very much...

CLICK

Have you, or anyone you know, been injured in a super hero-related incident? Has watching a man burst into flames or stretch his arms to obscene lengths given you nightmares, depression or cramps? Then call...

LAWYER

CLICK

Remind me to apologize to Aunt May for ignoring her when she said TV would rot my brain.

CLICK

...welcome to Sonic TV News, "The news we know you want!"

"Sonic TV News"? This should be a poignant look at world events.

Controversy and unanswered questions stalled Sonic TV's Spring Break festivities this morning when it was revealed two of the guests of honor, Tiffany Gibson and Johhy Waterlog, were missing!

With rumors spreading that the couple has finally eloped, Tyson Hayley sat down with the remaining members of N'Step to get their take on Johnny's disappearance.

What can you guys tell all the worried fans out there?

Honestly, Tyson, I can't say I'm surprised. Johnny's been acting strange lately...

That Tiffany is always filling his head with crazy thoughts, she's like *Yoko Ono* but a lot prettier--

*I don't think a real reporter would allow this group a **Beatles comparison**.*

--but hey, it's not like we lost a ***lead guitarist***, y'know? So there'll be ***one less*** person humming the chorus, big deal.

How can you ***say*** that, B.J.?! We canceled a tour for you when you got addicted to ***diet pills!***

Hey I sing bass! Do you think that's easy? *Do* you?!

Not when you're bi-polar, B.J.

Every facet of my intelligence is being assaulted at once, and I can't look away.

Are you *crying*?!

What kind of cultural sadist is in charge down there?

14

Okay, guys, that was really great.

...really?

That's what I *said.* Now, you guys aren't needed until your tribute to yourselves tonight, so try to relax and have some fun, but don't forget to *check I.D.'s* this time!

Tyson, we need you at beach center in thirty minutes to meet the girl who won the *"date with Tyson"* contest.

SONY TV

Oh, *come on,* Teale! You know I don't date *regular* people, I'm a *quasi-celebrity.*

Don't worry. You'll be on TV the *whole time.*

Ms. Hunter! Ms. Hunter! *Big trouble: Maria Kelly* won't leave her trailer. She said she saw the beach swallow Johnny and Tiffany!

Yeah well I've seen *her* swallow an entire bottle of *cough syrup* just to make it through the night...

I *know* but--

But nothing! Tell her we've found another washed up diva to take her place, she'll be on that stage faster than you can say *"co-dependent."*

Yes Ma'am!

People! Has anyone seen *Crisqó?* He's supposed to sing that tripe about women's underwear in five minutes.

Hey!

Oh!!

Crisqó! I didn't see you there...

Girl, I *know* you didn't just call the *"Bra Ballad"* tripe! Would I be *bling blinging* like this if it was tripe?

No, Crisqó, you're right-- you wouldn't be... uh... "bling blinging" if the Bra Ballad was tripe. Now let's get you on that stage...

..hey!

Look, I'm sure eveyone's real proud of the job you're doing representing the Lollipop Guild, but if you want your moment in the spotlight to last its full fifteen minutes you'd better get your butt on... that...

You think you can treat me like this and still get me to unleash the dragon?! Maybe I'll just cartwheel out of...

SONIC TV

STAGE 23

PLAY the BRA SONG!!!

We ♥ CRISQÓ

...stage!

CRISQÓ!!

CRISQÓ!!

VHS

SONIC TV

Baabbyyy!!

Fine, Parker, don't change the channel, but I hope you know you'll have to kill yourself if anyone catches you watching this.

Modern Chemistry

I see you comin' at me with a crazy girl *bounce*--

And that tight shirt you wearin' don't bug me one *ounce*...

'Cause you're walkin' up to me, and you've got *mad support*...

I don't know *what's* worse.

And if you catch me staring, baby, here's my *retort*.

That someone would sing a song this *puerile*...

...or that they'd do it with *complete sincerity*.

Let me see that *braaaaa!!!!* That bra-b-bra-bra-bra!!!

I love that bra, that bra, that bra b-bra bra bra!

Okay buddy, we get it. Who are you trying to convince?

SNACK CHIPS!

XXX

SLICK COLA

It will make you B

CRISCO IS COOKIN'!!

Let me see that--

SONIC TV

BRAAAHHH!!

OFFICIAL SONIC TV BEER, yo! X X XO

Oh thank God.

CRACK

GURGLE...

...wait a minute!

Something isn't right here.

SLURP!

Okay... let's give it up for Crisqo.

Uh... that was *slammin'*! Now I might get off the beach for a little bit, yo.

Now maybe I'm just out of touch here, but that sure didn't look planned. And in spite of Slyrese's verbal dexterity...

Uh...

Heh heh...

Word!

...I think the Sonic TV Beach Party might have a job for Spider-Man.

But come on, Spider-Man can take a sick day, can't he? It's not like it's a gathering of Nobel Prize winners, I'm sure society could survive with a few less songs about women's anatomy.

Achoo!

Oh man, I really need to rest.

With great power must come great responsibility... with great power must come great responsibility...

Just a few more hours.

Power and responsibility... power and responsibility.

Oh who am I kidding, I don't have an *excuse*.

A few minutes ago I was ready to go down there just to slap Crisqó around a little bit.

TAXI
TAXI
Welcom to Sonic T Beach
SAUSAG FINGE
What do you *mean* he's *just gone?!* That little gnome has to judge a *bikini contest* in one hour!
...well... I hear ya, Teale, this is *wack*, definitely, but...
Get *out* of here! Go stutter in some dim-witted groupie's ear... oh. *What* have we *here?*
Oh great, it's like a hundred degrees out here, looks like I'll be sweating this cold out.
Hey buddy, why you *dressed* like that?
To further distinguish myself from people like you, you...
Yeah! Let's get jiggy wit' it!
On second thought...
Careful, Peter, no need to take out your bad mood on...
SPRING BREAK ROCKS
SONIC TV
Hey there!
I'm Teale Hunter, production manager, Sonic TV. Spider-Man, right? What can we do for you? Did you just come to hang out or...
College kids. This is why I didn't go to many parties when I was in school. Can't believe I was considered the weirdo.
Now, who's in charge here?
Uh, actually I'm here to talk about Crisqó's disappearance.

Disappearance?

Yeah, a common euphemism for "pulled underground by a giant sand hand."

Oh *that.* Crisqó was probably just pulling a Tupac. Believe me, I've had more than a little experience with obnoxious celebrities disappearing to get attention...

And I've had more than a little experience with *ill-mannered sand,* so you'll excuse me if I'm a little suspicious.

Suspicious or not, I can't have a *super hero* conducting an investigation during a celebration of *youth* and *irresponsibility...*

Well, like it or not, I'm here, and I'm not leaving until your celebrities show up or I get to the bottom of things.

SONIC TV BEACHPARTY

I can't have you just snooping around...

ACHOO!

Oops.

I've *got* it! If you get to stay, then I get to put you to work! You help me out, and I'll help you out, but you have to pretend that you're just a regular celebrity guest.

And once again my life becomes a bad sitcom.

Um, whatever, but I'm going to need a dressing room. Now.

Wow, *already* making demands; you're going to fit in *just fine!*

Hey give me a break, I just sneezed in my mask.

Oh, gross. Not feeling well?

Just a little cold.

No problem, we'll raid Maria Kelly's medicine cabinet. She's got everything from chewable vitamins to horse tranquilizers in there.

That *voice*...

I *know* that voice...

Spider something...

No... spiders can't talk, I'm not making sense...

Where am I...? Why can't I stay in one place? Can't focus...

Just remember you brought this on *yourself*, Molly.

Bill, think about what you're doing. How am I going to take care of William?

Mom? Daddy?

Why should I care? You made your decision, baby, now I'm making mine. You think I'm just going to sit around and let you hold me back blah blah blah blah blah

Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah

Blahwitdaba blah blang a dang diddy diddy diddy said the boogy said up bump the booty.

No... not Daddy, I must be dreaming, can't understand what anyone's saying.

Hey, man, the sand is moving...

Whoa man, *rock* and *roll!*

Stop looking at me!

Hey. it *stopped.*

Time for another *brewski!*

Got to get *out* of here... need to *wake up...*

Don't you worry about me, Flint. Vic promised he'll take care of me. I'll be right here *waiting* for you when you get out...

I *know* you, what is your name? I think I love you... I think...

...you're lying...

No, Flint, it's *not* what it looks like...

C'mon, settle down, big guy, I can *explain...*

What have I *done?*

Did I *kill* someone?

Am I in Hell?

Okay, all cleaned up and ready to go. I'd like to start by seeing where Crisqó disappeared.

SPIDER-MAN

Sorry, there's a beach bikini contest going on there right now..

Oh *come on!* This is *serious business* here. You're going to have to *stop* the show.

Hey, like I said: if you want to snoop around, you're going to play by *my rules.* If you don't like it, *leave.*

Look, Teale, I play by my *rules* and I'm not leaving!

Then I'll call the Cops!

Cops could mean bad publicity...

So could *you!*

I'm hit-or-miss with cops. They could give me some trouble. And I'm definitely better equipped to deal with a sand monster then they are... ah what the heck.

Okay. But just because I'd *feel bad* if someone got hurt after I left.

Great! I hate to see someone's *celebrity* go to *waste.* Put this on.

THROW!

Huh?

If my *dignity* had a spider-sense, it would be going crazy right now.

SONICTV

Yo yo
yo-- what up?
This is *T. Diddly* holdin' it down wit' all my honeys at Sonic TV's "Booty and the Beach" competition. And these babes are slammin'!

SONIC TV

Okay, I'll leave! Just don't make me go out there!

Oh stop it! You can inspect your precious crime scene and be useful at the same time.

Oh please, wherever she is, don't let Mary Jane have cable.

Aw-*yeah*, and here we have Spider-Man kickin' back wit' the rest of us representing the East Coast!

Omigosh! Is that *really* Spider-Man?

No!

SONIC TV

First off, I don't ever remember licensing Spider-Man swimwear...

I don't remember vigilantes having much copyright control...

And what was with Tuff Daddy leering at me and licking his lips...?

Don't you watch *rap videos?* That's the only social skill most rappers develop-- now come on, we've got places to be.

And it's "T. Diddly."

As the day progresses...

Well Maynard, we happen to have the object of your wife's desire waiting backstage... should we bring him out?!?

XXL GULP

YEAH!

You keep your webbing to yo' self you :bleep: :bleep: :bleep:

No, Maynard! I *love* him!

What the--!

And...

Okay, so you're, like, a super hero, right? So you could probably take a lot of pain?

Uh, I don't really see what that has to do with--

SK8

Hey, this is Billy Alabama and today we're gonna roll Spider-Man down this hill in a fully loaded portable toilet!

What?

PORT-A-POT

Absolutely not! There is no way I'm going to judge a whipped-cream bikini contest!

10

1

SPLAT!

Later.

Hey... hey! Where are you going, big guy? The kids are eating you up!

CREW

Mmmmmm mmmmm, what do you think about that, Spider-Man?

I'm ashamed to be a human being.

SPIDER-MAN

I'm getting the heck out of here, "the kids" scare the pants off me. I don't think Caligula could keep them entertained.

Come on! I thought you weren't going to leave until you found out what was going on!

Oh, I found out what was going on: everyone here is absolutely insane! Any one of these weirdos could have been behind Crisqo's disappearance.

"Weirdos," eh? Geez, that sounds odd coming from a man who prances around in multi-colored tights.

CLAP

Oh... Bravo. What biting social commentary. I haven't heard that a million times. Do you spend much time in 1985, y'know, when that joke was fresh?

CLAP

Whoa! Do you have a head cold or irritable bowel syndrome? I'm just saying we've got Crisqó's bed in the celebrity beach house if you want to continue your investigation tomorrow...

I don't know, Teale, you've proven yourself to be a real "give an inch, take a mile" type. I shudder to think what you'd have me...

BEER

BEER HU

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Someone's in trouble...

No, no, that's just Maria Kelly's first post rehab performance. I think she's trying to prove that the prescription drugs and 40lbs. she put on aren't going to affect her voice.

That sound...

SPRING BREAK 2002

Gaaah! Or her wardrobe!

Hee hee.

Scrambling my brain...

Can't shut it out...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

X-TRA TIGHT BRA

EEEE

SWISSHHH

Burn Crisqó's old sheets. The celebrity beach house just got a ***new guest.***

SONIC TV

NEWS ATTACK ON SPRING BREAK

When troubled diva Maria Kelly's semi-autobiographical film debuted earlier this year, many cynics took great joy in the fact that her career had hit rock bottom.

Earlier tonight, after her voice triggered an attack by the very beach she was performing on, those cynics were finally silenced but only by the sound of her career relentlessly scraping out a new low.

More importantly, this attack casts an ominous light on the recent disappearances of fellow pop stars Tiffany Gibson, Johnny Waterlog, and Salacious R&B Star Crisqo-- all fellow guests at the Sonic TV beach house.

Sonic TV officials have downplayed the danger, as well as the theory that this might be the first of many attacks across the nation's coastline.

Gentlemen, please! America's beaches are beaches of peace; to judge them because of one incident would be closed-minded and ignorant.

Sonic TV is already doing its part to fight anti- beach sentiment with a series of public education announcements aimed at the nation"s youth . . .

1. SAND IS OVER 90% SILICA.

SONIC TV

2. SILICA IS USED TO MAKE MICRO-TRANSISTORS.

SONIC TV

3. Silicone is used to make many pop stars.

SONIC TV

4. MOST SAND DOES NOT WANT TO KILL YOU.

SONIC TV

5. PLEASE, GO PLAY IN THE SAND.

WHAT IS SAND?

We now take you live to the scene, where Tyson Haley is covering the rescue effort. . .

SONIC TV

CREW

Thanks Mikole, but to tell you the truth, it's hard to focus on the human tragedy when you're being treated to the heroic stylings of --

SONIC TV BEER

SONIC TV CREW

-- The Amazing Spider-Man.

Glad you're impressed, Tyson; if I was a fifteen-year-old-girl I'd be in hog heaven. . .

. . . unfortunately I'm a super hero fighting off a cold, and trying to get a sentient beach to cough up the celebrity entree it just devoured . . .

. . . all for the entertainment of the precious 18-to-34 demographic.

Ah . . . the glory of being Spider-Man, "the wall-crawler". . .

. . . The "Web-Slinger" . . .

SPORTS RULE!

SAUSAGE FINGER

...The "Spectacular Sellout."

SONIC T BEER

SONIC TV X-TRA LARGE BEER HELMET, SON.

SONIC TV

CRISCO RULES

SPRING BREAK FOOL!!

STAN LEE PRESENTS

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF SHAME PART TWO

ZEB WELLS - WRITER
JIM MAHFOOD - ARTIST
STEVE BUCCELLATO - COLORS
RANDY GENTILE - LETTERS
JOHN MIESEGAES - ASST. EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO - EDITOR
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And who could forget the woman responsible for my new Q-Rating: Teale Hunter. She's supposed to be helping me get to the bottom of things...

Okay! Spider-Man is working around the clock just so you guys can keep partying. Let's not let him down!

Er...

...as long as I don't ruin her little show.

Hey! Do you mind asking before you use the "friendly neighborhood Spider-Man" to endorse alcohol-fueled debauchery!

"Friendly neighborhood Spider-Man?" You don't actually say that in public, do you?

...Maybe.

You've got a lot to learn, but I guess it can wait 'til tomorrow. They found everyone except Maria so non-celebrities should be okay.

Do you think it could be business motivated? Do any of these artists have telekinesis, mutant powers. . .

We're talking pop stars here, Spider-Man, not Super-Villains.

Well my time here has forever blurred that line, believe me.

BEACH HOUSE ((SONIC TV))

And the crowd isn't much better. If everyone wasn't so busy getting wasted maybe they would have seen something suspicious.

Gee, Spider-Man, more suspicious than a tidal wave of carnivorous sand? Anyway, most of them were just hiding their eyes from Maria's outfit.

I don't think you appreciate this situation, Teale. How long do you think you'll be able to convince the youth of America that getting eaten by a beach is "cool"?

We drug the Macarena out for a whole year, I can at least get a couple of weeks out of this.

Now please, just try to get some sleep; we'll get to the bottom of everything *tomorrow*, I *promise*. Okay?

Okay... But if anything happens, I want to be the first to know . . .

Wait a minute...

I thought I got *Crisqó's* room!!

This *is* Crisqó's room, have a good night!!

Sassy

Pretty

TIGER SASSY BEAT

CRISQO!

HEART THROB!

POP STARS!

HUNKY TEEN MAG FOR 12YR. OLD GIRLS

#1

I want my Aunt May...

Elsewhere...

Oh man I'm gonna...

Watch it, dude!

BLARRRGGHH!!

Thanks for the wake up call, punks...

...Not that I needed it... My mind's more awake than ever... Even if it's a little crowded...

...These definitely aren't *my memories*...

You call that acting! You'd be more convincing if I smeared peanut butter under your tongue and dubbed the voice in later!!

Picked last again, eh, Waterlog?!? Lucky for you the girl's team is short a player.

HA HA HA HA HA

UNIOR ODENT'S CLUB

Maria, of course you're gaining weight, they're pain killers not tic-

TAAAARRRGGHH!!

Son, dresses are for little *girls*, not little boys.

...Thank God.

I've been in a *dreamworld*, and while I was asleep it looks like my "body" invited some friends over...

...some ...*important* friends. Or at least, they seem to think so.

I couldn't even make a sand castle a week ago, let alone a body...

...now it feels like a team effort, like my mind's *stronger* than it's ever been.

I don't know why there are *four celebrities* sharing my subconscious with me...

...but they're beginning to *grow* on me!

Later.

Rise and shine, Peter Parker . . .

Oh no you *didn't!!*

...and welcome to hell.

You think you can walk in here and run my life?!

Hate isn't a *family value,* Spider-Man!

Do you think it's *easy* being me?!

...I just wanted some toast!

Uh, good luck with that "being you" thing...

I see you met the cast of *"The Real Deal."*

I... I just asked what they were making for breakfast...

Don't worry about it. We put caffeine in everything they eat, makes them a little sensitive, but at least people tune in...

Sensitive, more like schizophrenic... Oh my poor neck...

Rough night?

I ended up sleeping on the floor. Crisqo's bed smelled funny, and not "ha ha funny."

Nobody hates you, Fred. Don't say that.

Hmmm, I smell something too, yeah, that's definitely the delicate scent of a blossoming primadonna.

What? No... I'm *serious!*

Now come on. It's time for roll call.

Roll call?

Let me guess, my job is to sacrifice my dignity and risk my life for people whose main contribution to society is that they can lip synch really, really good.

First off I want everyone to know that Spider-Man and I are doing everything in our power to ensure your safety, and also that *no one's* allowed to leave without a permission slip from their record company.

LIMP-WRISTED HACK

Now, Rico. You're up first singing "Tus Naldas Son Muy Grande," so I'm going to have to replace one of your dancing girls with Spidey here.

Good guess, Spidey.

Anything for *you*, Senora.

Watch the touching, Rico. Okay, Lynny, after that you're performing your new single... Ugh... "Are You Gonna Fly My Way."

Look, Spider-Man, maybe that would be a good time for you to take lunch.

Wha... What is *that* supposed to mean!? Was that a *slam?*

KNOCK!! KNOCK!!

No, No...!

That song is very popular...

Overplayed, Lynny. The correct term is *overplayed.* Now why don't you make yourself useful and get the door.

Okay...

You're overplayed...

Hi, I was wondering if you'd like to collaborate with me on a project I'm working on.

Eating you.

SLAM

Guys! There's some sort of patchwork monster trying to get in the beach house!

CREAK!

RUMBLE!!

Michael Jackson?

CREAK!!

GROAN!!

Uh Oh...

...Everybody!!!
GET OUT!!

WHOOSH

I tried to be nice!

Spider-Man! *Great* to see you, babe! Hey, could you get out of the way so I can eat some of these people?

Sandman! I thought you might be behind this! If you think for one second...

Why aren't you wearing pants?

I'm trying out a new look, what do you think? Sure does beat the brown cords, but I've put on a little weight.

Sandman! You're talking like an idiot.

You'll have to *excuse* me. I've got four pop sensations running around in my head, makes me a little self-absorbed.

Yeah, and gives me one more reason to beat the crap out of you.

So we're gonna fight then? I like it. Kind of retro.

WAIT!!!

Oh please...

If you want the Spider-Man, you'll have to get through me!

Rico...

Shhhh!!

Let me be your hero.

GAAAHHHH!!!

NO!

You see, Spider-Man? It's like my mind gets a *double shot* of *espresso*. They're like *spinach*, and I'm like Popeye!

Yeah, I get it.

Of course you do. By the way, thanks a lot for letting me fall down that sewer drain. I can't tell you what it does for your self-esteem to become one with a flood of raw sewage.

Yep, pack your bags, kids, we're going on a guilt trip.

And when you hold yourself together with will power alone, feeling worthless is not productive, let me tell you.

I could have been trapped forever, but luckily my subconscious was attracted to people whose self-image was... healthy, to say the least.

My road to recovery was paved with the bloated egos of FM radio and soft drink ads...

My ego was shattered and spread so far over this beach I was just a mass of memories and emotions.

...and if you think I'm gonna stop now--

BOOOSHH!

Hey, I'm here too y'know. I guess being an ego-vampire does make you self-absorbed!

AAAARRRRRRGGGGGHHHHH!!!

?

Uh, hey man, are you okay?

Oh don't you worry about me, Spider-Man! It's like a big party in here. Though, let me tell you, some of these people have some real problems.

Yeah, and "Man-Eating Beach" looks great on a resume.

Oh no ...

Can't let him get any stronger!

Now come on... Hrr... At this rate... you'll never shed... your winter weight...

Oh come on!

What can I say? If nothing else, sharing my mind with five pop stars has given me a penchant for excess.

In fact, the sense of entitlement is almost intoxicating.

I'm starting to feel like I can do anything: acting, producing, poetry, beadery...

GGAAAAAAAAAARRR

Great, now he's not even trying to make sense.

Okay, everyone needs to settle down in there! Inside voices, people!

He's got all those stars in his head!?!

That looks like a fairly safe guess!

Spider-Man! I've worked with these people for years. I wouldn't put most of them in the same room together!

Maybe we should-- YIKES!

Are you guys talking about me? What'd you say? Was it good?

Sandman, of the many people you've tried to be, I'd have to say "needy egomaniac" suits you the least.

You're one to talk, Spider-Man. I can smell a huge ego a mile away, and you stink of it, my friend!

Give me a break. It's like ninety degrees out and I'm stuck in this body suit; I don't think it's ego you're smelling.

PLAYER

40oz COMICS

HOW TO WRITE COMICS

Oh no, this must be where he's heading, relentlessly sniffing out bigger egos...

THERE'S NO WAY YOUR TUMMY, IS THIS YUMMY! THERE'S NO WAY YOUR TUMMY, IS THIS YUMMY! MY BOOTY'S TOO ROUND AND RUMPTIOUS FOR YOU, BABE!

You Ladies is Hot!!

We ♥ U

...and this isn't exactly an anthem of self-deprecation.

I've got to bruise their egos, and quick!

This is the worst song I've ever heard! You can't just make up a word to describe your butt then sing a whole song about it!

The words flow surprisingly easy...

Excuse me?

Yummy!

Great, not only did I not save them, I made their last moments as unpleasant as possible.

Speaking of last moments, if he keeps getting stronger I might be singing *my* swan song.

Oops! I did it again, Spider-Man! I'm sandilicious!! I can do anything!

I bet none of your other enemies *bling bling* like this!

He's completely lost it, and I'm way out of my league.

Hey big shot! *Still hungry?*

This doesn't look like a hot tub party! This looks *dangerous!!*

You'll be fine! And if not, this is for refusing to wear a shirt!

SONIC TV

Umph!

Teale, what are you doing? He's already unstoppable!

Relax. I tried to tell you before, those people don't get out of bed unless they're guaranteed top billing...

...You think they're going to sit back and share a mind?

BAHH WITA BAHHHHHHHHHHHHRHRRRRRRGGGG!!!

Everyone shut up for a second!

INSIDE VOICESSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!

Relax, ladies, I've got you now!

Oh, look who wants to feel on our rumptious booties now!

Thanks for taking some time out from critiquing songs to do your freaking job!

I guess these two are okay.

How did you do it, Spider-Man?

Do you have anything to say?

Heh. Well, I guess in the end, life's a beach!

What was that? That's the razor-sharp wit that's supposed to confound your foes? What'd you read that on a t-shirt in the sixth grade?

I'll be in my trailer.

Later.

Hey there! You taking off?

Oh, it's you. Are all your stars okay?

I think so, but half of them are incoherent on their best days so, it's hard to tell.

Well, that's something... I couldn't find a trace of Sandman, but I guess if he comes back you can just feed him another truckload of innocent people.

Oh ***please!*** You're just mad that you ran into a guy you couldn't beat by climbing up a really high wall.

I do other stuff!!

Okay! I was ***kidding!*** Geez, maybe Sandman was right about your ego.

Oh yeah, let's believe the walking sand castle.

Hey, since you're fitting in, why don't you stick around for a while? You somehow got all the credit for stopping the "evil beach," so it'd be a good time to enjoy some fame and irresponsibility.

SONIC TV

Sorry, but I had my shot at fame when I first started out, and it's been my experience that the cost of irresponsibility is a little high.

Ah well, I guess I knew you'd say that; after all, if you can't see yourself driving a truckload of other celebrities into a giant sand monster you probably don't have what it takes.

Heh. I guess not.

SONIC TV

You take care of yourself.

You, too. And Spider-Man?

SONIC TV

Yeah?

You look great in a swimsuit.

...The disaster not only made Sonic TV's spring break something to talk about again, but has also led to many members of the pop community doing their part to raise carnivorous beach awareness, or C.B.A.

If I can keep what happened to me from happening to just one person, particularly if that person is me, then I'll have done my job.

An assembly of pop stars, under the watchful eye of super-producer Ron "T. Diddly" Holmes, have even started recording a song to raise money for C.B.A.

T. Diddly "borrowed" hero of the day Spider-Man's now infamous "Life's a Beach" sound bite to serve as the song's killer hook, proving that he can turn anything into gold.

Spider-Man's faux-witty line will be virtually inescapable when the video, seen being shot here, is released later this month.

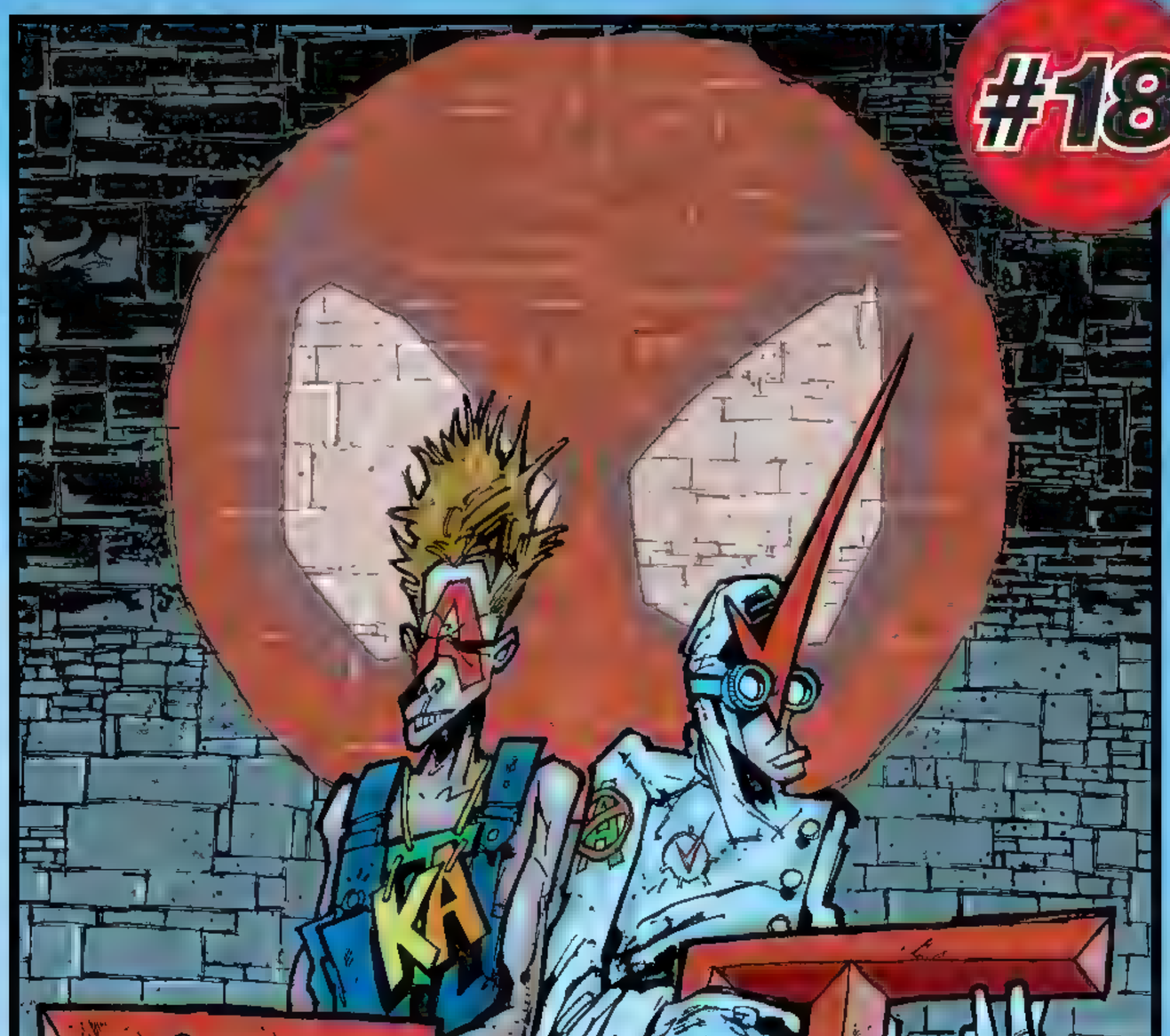
BEACH

LIFE

KKKSSSHSHSHSHHHHH

COVER GALLERY

#18



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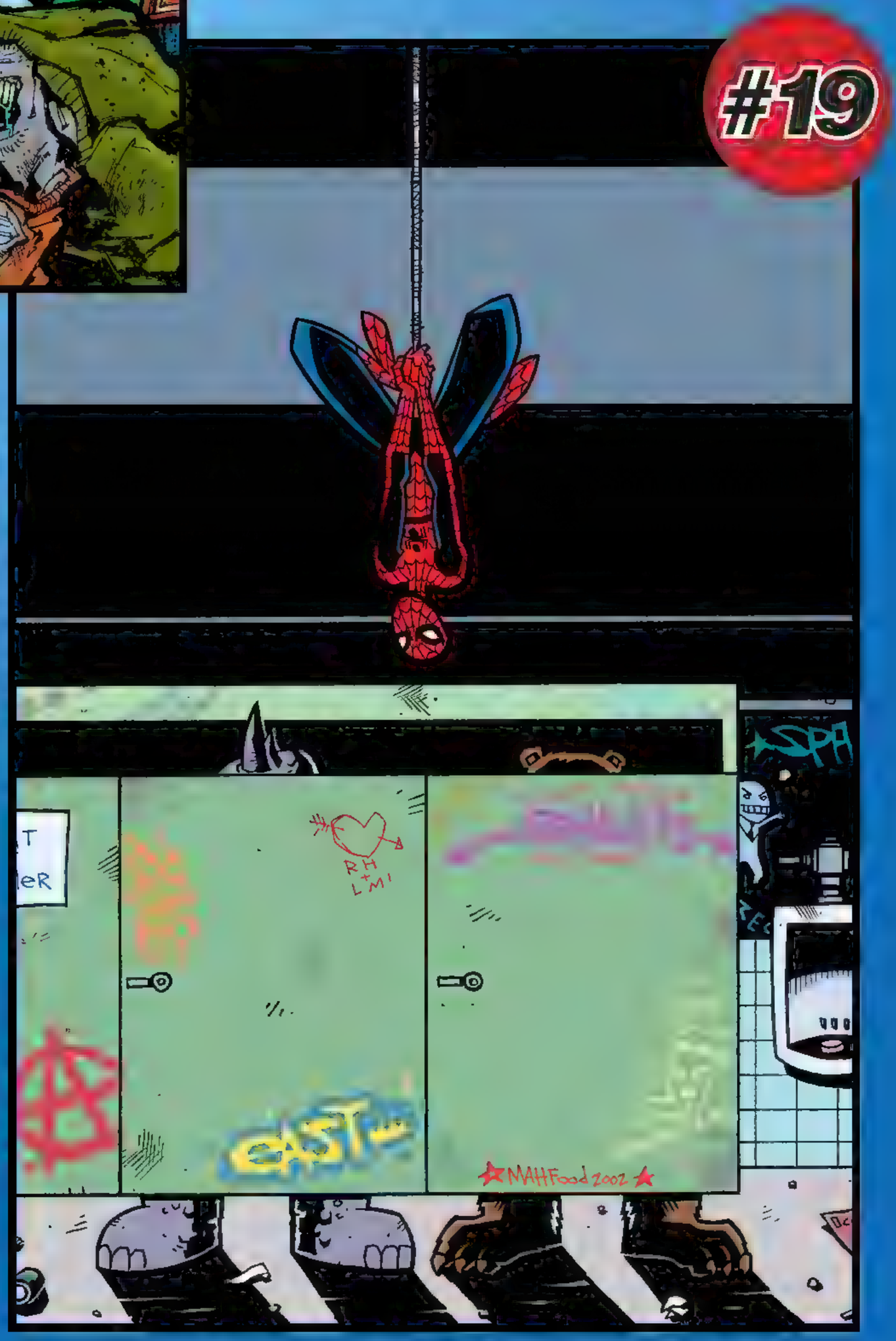

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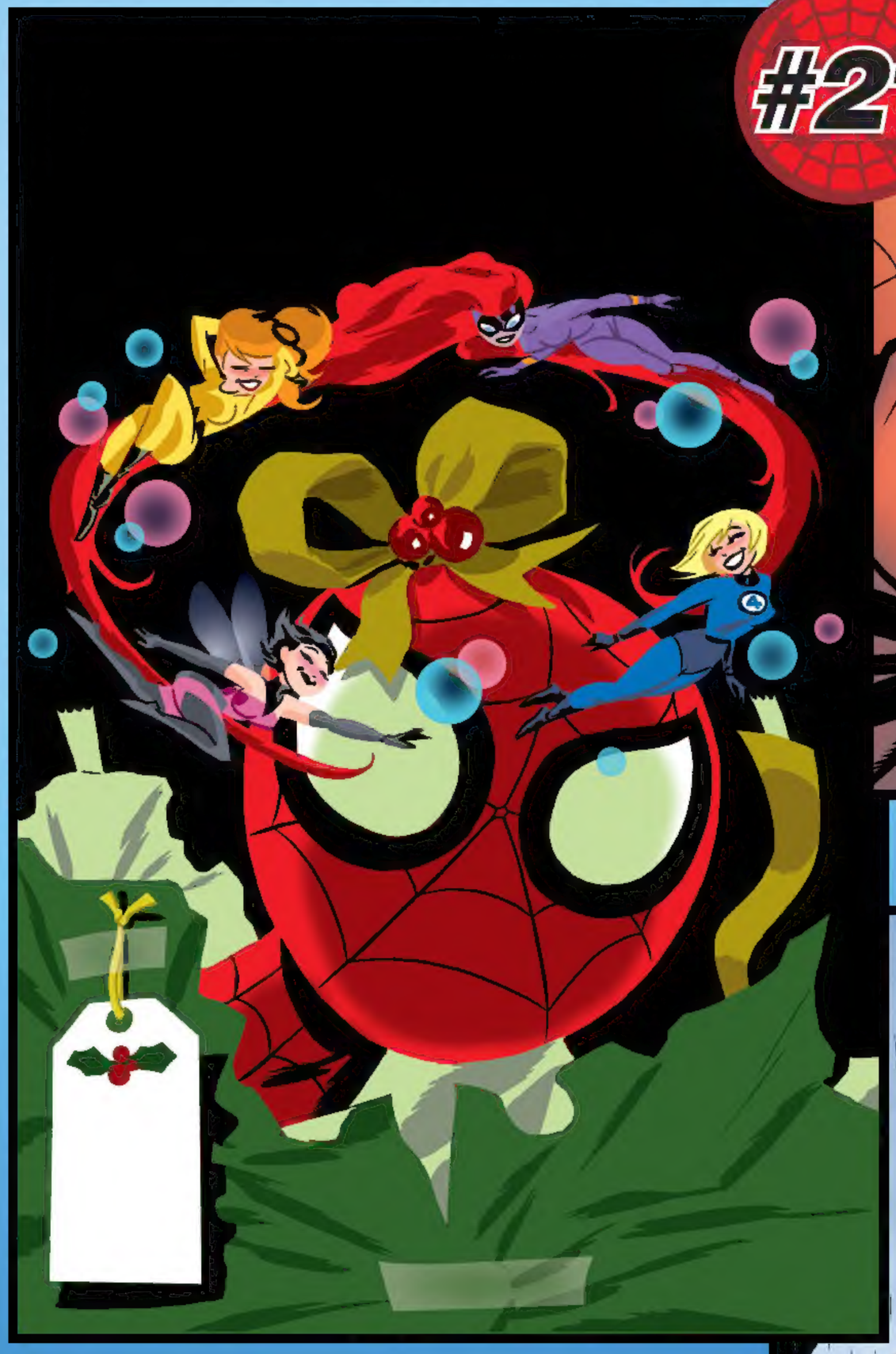

#22

PETER PARKER: SPIDER-MAN #42

#43 PETER PARKER: SPIDER-MAN

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE SPIDER-MAN SWINGS OVERHEAD?

Find out as some of the comic-book industry's most talented creators turn the spotlight on the super-villains, vigilantes, common crooks, costumed champions and loudmouthed media moguls whose worlds turn when the wall-crawler leaps into their lives.

Plus: Oil up those pecs, slip on your thong and head down to the 'Sonic TV Spring Break House' where a little something - make that some*one* - under the sand requires Spidey's immediate attention.

Collecting *Spider-Man's Tangled Web #18-22* and *Peter Parker: Spider-Man #42-43* - written by **Darwyn Cooke, Ted McKeever, Robbie Morrison, Zeb Wells** and **Brian Walsh;** and illustrated by **Cooke, McKeever, Jim Mahfood, Dean Haspiel** and **Alberto Dose.**

MARVEL

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